

Viewpoint

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WHAT CAN WE EXPECT FROM THE SEMINARY?

By Meredith A. Cargill

Though the time, expense, and social respectability of a seminary education easily persuades us of its value and the rigor and complexity of our study may obscure our perspective, we must not think that a seminary education is adequate preparation for Christian ministry. Denied outright, this notion still lurks in the minds of ordination requirements committees, vocational guidance counselors, and P.T.S. students. An examination of what we can and should expect to receive from this seminary could save much grief, disillusionment and impotence among students, new pastors and the church. Toward this I offer Scriptural reflections on the inherent limitations of a Seminary education as preparation for ministry.

In Matthew 10:8, Jesus sends out twelve people to do what people cannot do--heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse lepers and cast out demons. The only preparation they received was a command. They could only obey as far as possible and expect God to supply them with the needed power. They were, however, given the assurance that they could give as they had received. This was not an indication that they had all been lepers; rather that they all knew what it was to receive that which cannot be purchased but can come only from God.

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VIEWPOINT FOR THE EIGHTIES

The editors of Viewpoint inherit, along with a glamourless job, an ever-growing stack of old "journals of informal discussion." Viewpoints of the past will not be found in Speer Library, bound in leather, catalogued by either the Dewey Decimal or Library of Congress system. They are stored in a plastic SuperPro Sport Shoe bag, in roughly chronological order. As a result of this unique system, few have enjoyed the opportunity to see more than a year or two of modern P.T.S. history from the Viewpoint point of view. If that is a blessing, it is a blessing mixed, for as they used to say in Jonestown, "Those who don't learn from history are doomed to repeat it."

There is an apocryphal(?) story to the effect that a member of the administration, when asked what he planned to do about a student body agitated over some issue or other, replied, "I plan to graduate the problem." From past issues of Viewpoint it is easy to glean the names of many problems, now graduated. But it is also obvious that some of the graduated problems return to their alma mater. Isn't continuing education wonderful?

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We are sent out according to Matthew 28:18-20: "And Jesus came and said to them, "All authority in heaven and on earth has been given to me. Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, to the close of the age." This commission seems less "magic", but the form is clearly the same. As ministers, we must see that the power of God is needed as much in making disciples as in raising the dead. The authority and power for the ministry comes only from Christ, by His command and through His continued willingness and ability to minister in our midst. The prerequisites for ministers, then, are hearing the call, and knowing what it means for Christ to be present and active.

Ministry is paradoxical--people providing what people cannot provide. The seminary is caught in this same paradox. Preparation for ministry requires learning to receive from God that which cannot come from people or be earned in an institution. What we need to receive at Seminary cannot be received from the Seminary, and God receives the thanks and the honor.

Ephesians 4:11-12 describes God's provision in the church for different ministries, by apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers. No Seminary functions in all of these capacities. P.T.S. misses three out of five:

Pastor. Most of us are sheep without shepherds. We have no elder here who takes consistent responsibility for our nurture, and (despite the word "under care"), we are separated from our home pastors, probably never to return.

Evangelist. Many of us try to live by and communicate the Good News without having received the ministry of an evangelist.

Prophet. Few of us, I fear, would recognize a prophet if we saw one. These are offices in the church which the Seminary does not fill.

What to Expect? What is present is teaching. The Seminary combines in one place general foundational education, training in technical skills and assistance in access to the instruction of the first century apostles. This teaching ministry can be best received when we seek integration, maximize non-classroom learning, and submit ourselves to the apostles themselves.

But it is the training by the whole church, as in Ephesians 4:11, which is ordained by God. What we need as preparation for ministry cannot be completed by a teaching institution, even this one.

(For the Eighties -, cont.)

A few of the problems which refuse to stay graduated are the controversies about hiring a campus pastor, an adequate black studies program, student access to the decision-making process, women's changing self-definition, the relationship of politics and religion, and reflections on the quality of seminary life. Viewpoint is dedicated to the discussion of these and other issues facing the seminary and the larger church.

We hope that you do not get the impression that contributing to Viewpoint ranks right up there with writing CH01 precept papers on the fun-and-excitement scale. This is also an outlet for the creative expression which is so important to our discovering and sharing life together. Poems, stories, and artwork provide essential perspectives without which Viewpoint would not be complete.

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Our hope is that next year the plastic-bag library will contain twelve issues filled with discussion of problems that won't graduate, written by people who will. And that, no matter whether the form is poetry, essay, or cartoon, the content will provide us all with access to one another's point of view.

LONELINESS IN COMMUNITY

By Joseph Cejka

There are two words bandied about the campus: community and loneliness. The former is spoken of with fervent desire because the latter is so prevalent. The purpose of this essay is to bring into conversation the word loneliness. I'm not writing this in isolation from my own experiences or in some solitary remembrance of the tears of friends. Rather, I'm writing in the realization that our common loneliness is the basis for understanding each other; no more, no less.

God knows the tears I've cried since I've been here. It's the drying of those tears and in the shared tears of others that I've come to reflect on that which is our common lot. We're lonely here because any number of things separates us from what gives us meaning and value: P.T.S. thrusts us into a supercharged competition amongst ourselves and what we are meant to be is once again at stake. Having secured who we are before we came, we now must prove ourselves once again. Stomachs churn at the thought of a C on a precept paper after having written so well as an undergraduate, for example.

To compound this, our very faith is under fire. We're awed at the studied self-confidence of the classroom lecturer who derides by humorous word and example our carefully wrought piety. Our beliefs are on the line.

Finally, the great question "What if I've been a fool in coming here?" looms larger and larger. Pious acts, once a causeway to God, dribble to a shallow flow, while we question our nature and God's.

Although not a sudden realization, soon enough the geographical and intellectual distance between four wonderful years as an undergraduate or a career, nascent or mature, increases. Compounded by academic pressures and the adjustment to new beings about us, we find ourselves stranded. We are alone, and no one here seems to care.

There are two avenues with which to deal with loneliness: flee or fight. Some of us leave P.T.S. and never return. Others retreat into roles: the precept monger who fires answers, witticisms, rebukes and challenges with a baffling, blinding speech and certainty. Or perhaps we retreat even further into the library hermit, surrounding ourselves with the false security of other peoples' words while closing our ears to the cries of the lonely ones. The final retreat is of the heart, the soul. We isolate ourselves from others.

In phone calls and letters, and in the all too infrequent communications to and from presbyteries and judicatories, all is fine. We're find and dandy and lonely. If we go on too long as such, lying to ourselves, we miss the one way out -- fighting.

Loneliness, while all pervasive, is not omnipotent. While the erudite minds of the theologians debate whether the term is out-moded in a modern description of God, the simple faith of the Seminarian can trust in the love of a God who is present with us. That is the key experience of faith in the incarnation of God in Christ. Simply, God hasn't abandoned any one of us. He is here with us. Para-

Loneliness - cont.

doxically, it's in the feeling of loneliness within the community where we see God at work. We are his agents to assist one another.

Speaking of my own experience now, I almost left P.T.S. several times in my first month here. It was touch and go as to whether I would be here from one day to the next. I was scared to the point of shaking of failing academically. I knew that all I'd dreamed of was false. I felt alone, afraid and abandoned. I called. I wrote letters. I fought to reach out. And there was someone there, a friend, who had been the same way his first semester. In his loving concern, my battle was won.

In conclusion, I would like to share some ideas on how loneliness may be fought and defeated.

First, maintain a schedule of devotions and piety. Talk to God, yell at him, cry in his presence. Discipline oneself to meet him daily in prayer. It often helps to write out all the pains, hurts and sorrows, joys and thank-yous. While it may not be creative, it's a good beginning to read it off in prayer.

Build a library of devotional books, prayers, and songs and use them daily. Disciplined times of reading, worship, prayer and meditation become as enjoyable as meals, exercise and hugs and kisses.

Secondly, keep in touch with others on campus. Eat with someone you especially like, respect or are interested in. Go to the parties, hall meetings, Chapel and Sunday night communion. One could imagine a sudden wave of lonely people milling about in search of someone and not be far off reality. Be a part of it.

Most importantly, be a listener to others. Besides helping one put

one's life in perspective, it can open up a world of shared experiences. Community begins here.

Keep in contact with home, the old church, friends and all the official organizations. Responsibility is the students', and it can become a great part of a disciplined life.

Finally, learn to escape P.T.S. Take a personal sabbatical. Visit the Big Apple with friends. Use the field education church as a place to build relationships. Visit the Westminster Choir College, the Graduate School, and Princeton University. It's wise to utilize all their cultural, educational, and athletic resources.

These methods will work to combat loneliness, but each depends on one's desire to make them work, the desire to flee or fight. In a sense community is as if we were all in a martial arts class individually going through the forms and movements and then given the chance to see the whole group. There's a similarity and symmetry, even a purpose. There are varying degrees of skill but all are striving for self mastery in union with the work of the group. So also are we at Seminary.

We are called to minister wisely to ourselves and to others out of our needs and God's resources. In community, our weakness and loneliness can bind us together as God's servant.

Stetson University graduate Joseph Cejka holds several campus posts, some elected, some honorary, and some dishonorable. He is a middler native of Wauchula, Florida, and Brown Hall.

THE VIEW FROM THE DISH PIT

By R.S. of the Fellowship
of the Dish Pit

There is one place at Princeton Seminary where even angels fear to tread. The next time you leave the dining hall in the Student Center, glance quickly to your left before you go out the door. If you feel brave, step carefully over to the open doors at the corner of the dining hall and peer into the depths of the Dish Pit. As Dante cautioned, however, "abandon hope all ye who enter here." You are likely to be pelted with silverware, food, expletives, or worse by the student workers on the other side of the door!

Why do normally stable, decent, orderly, God-loving future ministers act in such an un-pastoral fashion? Speaking as a member of the fellowship of the Dish Pit, I can assure you that we are not beaten or drugged by our bosses, nor are we possessed by demons. We simply become frustrated, confused, and maddened by the various ways the diners at each meal concoct to make our job twice as hard as it needs to be!

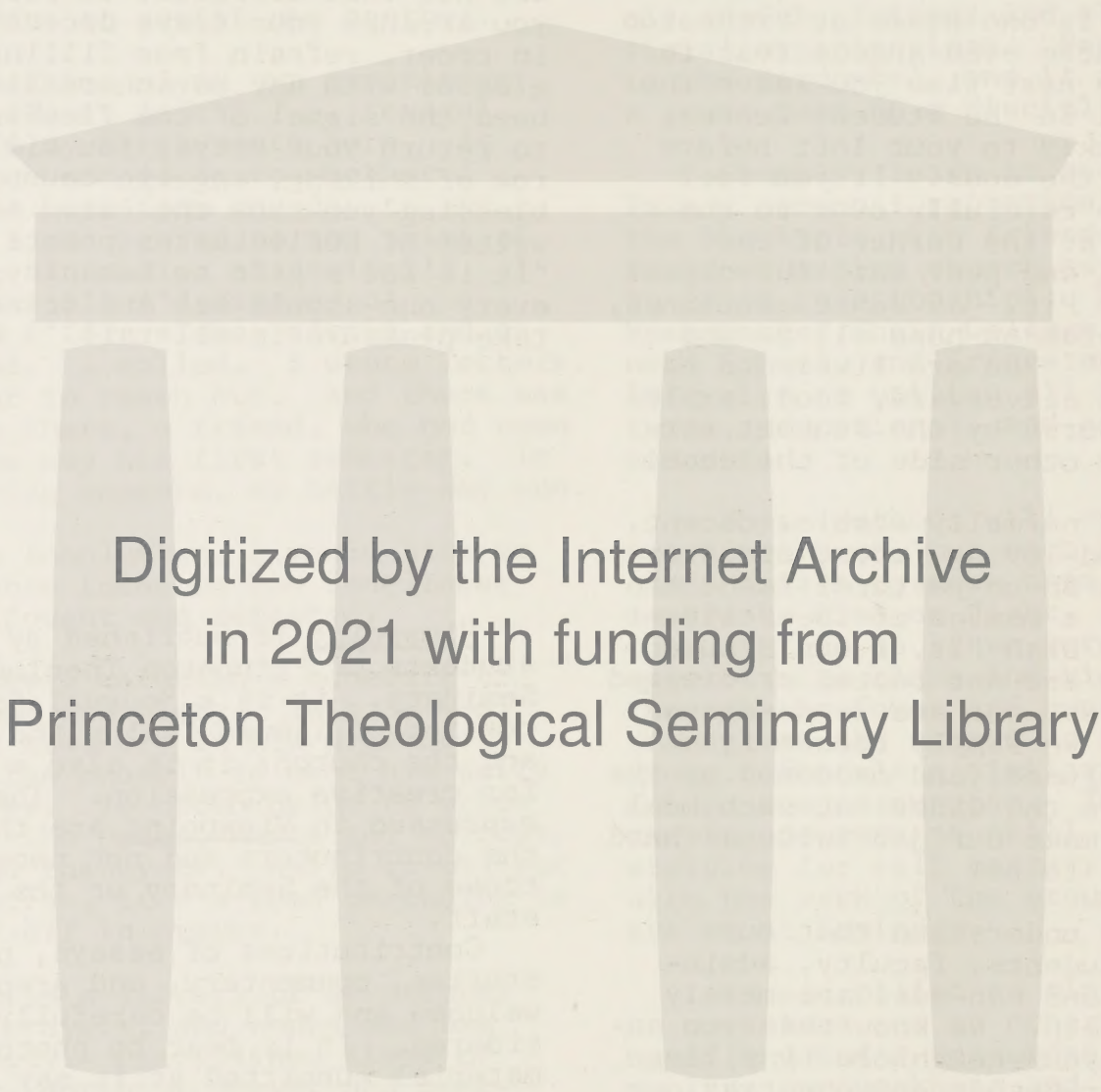
Oh, we understand that our friends (students, faculty, administration, and con-eds) are merely trying to help. We know that you enjoy loving your neighbors by piling all of their dishes on your tray, cleverly hiding the silverware between each plate. We appreciate your attempts to consolidate all the items on your trays by cramming napkins, tea bags, and assorted trash down into the bottoms of your glasses. We especially recognize the efforts of our more artistic friends who sculpt the glasses and dishes into some sort of abstract masterpiece. We even understand the importance of the intense theological discussions stretching on long after meals have ended.

How, then, you ask, can you continue to be kind and creative and still preserve the sanity of the fellowship of the Dish Pit? We really are not that difficult to please. If you arrange your trays decently and in order, refrain from filling your glasses with any paraphernalia, and heed the signal of the flashing lights to return your trays, you will see a row of smiling, angelic countenances blessing you from the Pit. As the writer of Ecclesiastes points out, "It is God's gift to humanity that every one should eat and drink and take pleasure in all toil." We agree.

Viewpoint is published by the students of Princeton Theological Seminary. It is a journal for discussion of issues facing the school and the church; it is also a vehicle for creative expression. The opinions expressed in Viewpoint are those of the contributors and not necessarily those of the Seminary or the editorial staff.

Contributions of essays, poetry, stories, commentary, and graphics are welcome and will be carefully considered. It is best to photocopy any material submitted as it may be marked in the editing process. Contributions, suggestions, and letters may be left in the Viewpoint box at the switchboard in the Administration Building. Viewpoint will be published every two weeks. Deadline for next issue: Thursday, October 9.

Editors: Cindy Shepherd and Meredith Cargill.



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Viewpoint

Volume XX, Number 2
October 16, 1980

A SEMINARIAN'S VIEW OF WASHINGTON, D.C. by Bruce Robinson

Challenging. Depressing. Exciting. Frustrating. And a lot of fun. Perhaps that is the best way to summarize my experience in Washington, D.C. last Spring semester. The opportunity to study in Washington arose when I was accepted to participate in the National Capital Semester for Seminarians (NCSS). This is a program that provides seminarians from across the country a chance to spend a semester in Washington studying and interacting with public policy issues from a theological perspective. Sponsored by Wesley Theological Seminary, it is structured to include course work, individual research, and an internship experience (in my case a job with the Senator from my home state).

Any program bold enough to combine a diverse group of twelve seminarians, a broad range of controversial issues, and the charged atmosphere of Washington cannot help but have lively results. Our group represented a wide age spectrum and included a Catholic nun, a Mormon, a Unitarian, and an assortment of main-line types. This diversity was complemented by an even wider variety of issues examined. Among others, we explored economic ideologies, defense policy, urban policy, hunger, health care, civil rights, energy, and global development. And whether we wanted it or not, we also got an extensive education in the use of the Washington subway system.

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Nearly every week class was held in a different location with stops in such places as the Capital, the White House, the Pentagon, and the World Bank. The tourist in me loved it.

The experience proved invaluable but it would be impossible to detail here. Instead, I would like to just share a few impressions.

As newcomers to the Washington scene, our minds were naturally filled with all kinds of pregnant expectations just waiting to be shattered. And shattered they were. With all the subtlety of a sledgehammer, we were reminded that our Christian ideals do not easily lend themselves to the brutal reality of political compromise. Perhaps this was most apparent in our visit to the Pentagon and I needn't elaborate why. But it was also highlighted when we sat down for a meeting with a U.S. Senator and asked him questions on such issues as disarmament and world hunger. We were met with responses questioning the "political" feasibility of certain solutions and explanations of what might "realistically" be hoped for. It is as if you start out asking for diamonds and are expected to be satisfied with lumps of coal. For anyone having trouble bridging the gap between the ideal and the real, a semester in Washington will do wonders.

A semester in Washington shatters other illusions as well. I discovered, for example, that all the talk you hear about being able to buy Congressmen is simply not true.....you can only rent them. I also learned that the legislative process is not nearly as cumbersome and slow as I had originally anticipated.....it is actually much slower. This does not seem to bother Washingtonians, they comfort themselves with the consolation that "when you move an inch in Washington, you move the entire country an inch." You can't help but admire their perseverance.

Naturally I was especially interested in how the church was perceived in Washington and in the types of advocacy activity she was engaged in. Although this varied by the denomination (Methodists seemed to be the most active), I found the activity of the church in Washington to be pitifully shallow. True, there are some church agencies which have well experienced and deeply dedicated persons working to promote greater justice through legislative channels. But on the whole the church has simply failed to invest in the expertise and resources needed for effective advocacy work. When I considered the extent of unmet human need, it became clear to me that the church has made only token gestures of concern. In the face of widespread global injustice and the frightening forecasts of future worldwide suffering, I could not help but ask, "Is this all the church is doing!?"

Washington proved to be a unique location from which to observe another glaring failure of the church. In Washington you can hear the noble cries for justice from churches all across the land and you are practically buried under their many high minded social pronouncements. But there is a curious silence from church members when it comes to translating these pronouncements into legislation. The church cries out for justice but then whispers that her cries are not to be taken too seriously. Church members, for instance, prefer to stuff a dollar in the hunger collection box than provide the political support needed for legislation that could eliminate hunger. Our legislators know this of course and consequently do not take church pronouncements very seriously. They know that the church doesn't really mean what she says.

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Finally, it struck me as ironic that during the semester I may have been looking for signs of God's activity in the wrong place. While I was looking for leadership on the part of the church, I was often finding it within the government. When studying urban policy, for example, it became awkwardly apparent that while the church flees to affluent suburbs, the government calls for urban renewal, and as the church ministers to the psychic needs of the affluent, the government ministers to the survival needs of the poor. Yes, God remains active, even in Washington, but not necessarily through the channels I had expected.

My semester in Washington was well worthwhile. The program was well structured and the Wesley Seminary community made it especially enjoyable. Students who are interested in applying for the program should contact Dr. Charles West for additional information and application materials. I will also be happy to talk with anyone interested.

FALL

by Steve Booth

Gently spilling colors, settling
soft all around,
Warm the beneath and lift the pain
overhead,
Slowing life on the branches,
while freeing the remorse,
See what once was alive, now flowing,
dying to the ground,
(A small sacrifice to avoid the dead)
Leaving us only hope of life
flowering from earth's source.

A BRIEF GUIDE TO CHAPEL AT P.T.S. by Nancy Lammers

For most students, entrance into a theological seminary represents a drastic increase in the amount of time and energy devoted to the intellectual and academic aspects of the Christian faith. Daily chapel is given an unchallenged twenty minute time slot each day not just because daily worship seems like a neat thing to do, but to provide an opportunity for all members of the community to bring a balance between study and praise into their lives. The Chapel Group views daily chapel as the heart of our corporate worship. As such we are interested not in mundanity, nor legalistic, ritualistic patterns, but in a consistent, coherent worship life.

The purpose of daily chapel is to worship. Whenever anything gets in the way of our ability to worship, then that time is being abused. Aware of this potential abuse, the Chapel Group has worked out the following program:

1. Each day of the week follows a slightly different format.
MONDAY is the President's day in which Dr. McCord preaches or invites a guest to preach for him.
TUESDAY is student preaching day. The student is not required to preach, but if you would like to preach, this is the day to do it. Seniors are generally given priority in signing up for Tuesdays, but other students are welcome to request an open Tuesday.
WEDNESDAY is Seminary Choir Day. There is an anthem, scripture and prayer on Wednesdays, but no sermon.
THURSDAY is faculty preaching day, in which the faculty members are asked to present a homily.
FRIDAY is the day for creative worship expressed in such ways as liturgical dance, interpretive readings, or full musical services. A morning prayer service is also an option for this day. We ask that students do not preach on Friday.

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SKYJACKED or TO CUBA WITH LOVE
by David Traverso

You never think it could happen to you until the time comes. I've told the tale 350 times, but every time I get more excited about it, so here it comes, 351!

Myrna, Susanna and I were going to visit my grandparents. Our destination was Mayaguez, Puerto Rico. We were excited, for they had not yet seen their 53rd or 54th great-grandchild.

We left Newark airport on National Airlines. In the air I began to read an article that mentioned an Air Florida plane taken to Cuba the day before by 7 or 8 Cubans. I told my wife, "Wouldn't it be something if this plane went to Havana?" Myrna told me to be quiet and listen to the music on the earphones.

After an hour toward San Juan, the pilot's pleasant voice interrupted the jazz program to announce, "Ladies and gentlemen, we will be making a stop in Habana." It was an announcement like any other--the weather or the altitude. I wondered whether all National DC-10's made stops in Cuba before going on to San Juan.

I had barely finished my dinner when the stewardess came. She quickly asked if I was done. I said no and she remarked that some of the passengers had not eaten yet. She went into a frenzy and yelled, "We're about to land in Cuba and you're worrying about eating your cake?" Then I was 100% sure about what was really happening. I still don't see any harm in being well-fed before we landed. My father says we should always eat well on the plane in case it's our last meal.

By this time Myrna was just as hyper as the stewardess. Fact and fantasy were hard to differentiate. I was constantly pinching myself.

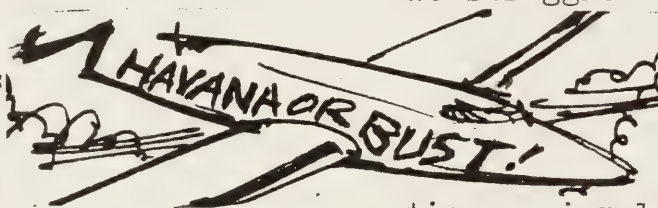
After a while Myrna got a little angry because I was thrilled to be going to Cuba. She said it was all my fault because I had always wanted to visit Cuba. I began rethinking the wisdom of these economy flights. No frills--but maybe some thrills!

I could picture the land of the famous Cuban revolutionary leader and intellectual giant of the Cuban people--José Martí. Images of revolutionary signs emerged (no Coca-Cola or Charmin tissue paper): We struggle for the New Cuban Society and each other's Humanity" or "The Children Are The Revolution." Ché Guevara flashed before me as I began to feel revolutionary impulses of a people who chose to wage war against a government of corruption and an economic system perpetuating exploitation. I could sense their determination to defeat poverty and illiteracy in the generations to come.

We landed in Habana and immediately two Cuban police entered the plane and took the front mike. Jeeps, cars and motorcycles completely surrounded the plane. I could see Cuban soldiers outside my window. They appeared very organized and prepared. The police announced, "The gentlemen who want to come to Cuba are free to come forward now."

Two men quickly jumped up; the first carried a half full bottle of gasoline, the other a briefcase. They were both handcuffed by the police. They left the plane with their heads held high. Everyone in the plane (except Myrna, Susanna, the pilot and myself) wildly applauded as a jeep took the two men away.

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ABRAHAM - continued

to be ready to go with us. Isaac, you go round up two donkeys for us to take. We'll leave tomorrow at first light. I suppose we'll be away for about a week."

A week. O God.

He lay down on his mat, closing his eyes. Isaac went out with a shout of glee at the prospect of an outing. He felt a sharp look from Sarah, but she too went out. Leaving him in peace. In peace. O God.

Hours - lifetimes - passed. Inside of himself all was numb, but outwardly, reality was weirdly obvious. He lay still; sometimes feigning sleep, sometimes dozing. He refused to let any thoughts travel across his mind. He suppressed scenes of the past which tried to rise, and he fought off visions of the future. He was left with the horrible present. He felt Yahweh nearer than ever, but he could not let himself think of Him. To think of Yahweh would be to hate Him, and to hate Him was to die. Even though he longed for death, it could not be the death that would result from hatred of Yahweh. Confused thoughts such as these continued to torture him until - could it be - O God, it was - dawn. Lie real still, maybe the sun will forget to rise. A cock crowing. Up.

Outside all was wet with dew. Mauve and magenta streaked the sky. A beautiful sunrise, as if this were to be a day of rare promise. It would be, O God.

Zoak and Jeb were assembling the donkeys and supplies for a week. Sarah must have ordered them. Isaac was everywhere, in excitement trying to help. Sarah called for them all to come to eat, but the thought of food to him was torturous. He would never feel hungry again. He went out from the tents and threw himself into chopping wood - every whack of the ax screaming No! No!

No! Isaac ran out wanting to help. O God! Pain - no ache - stab.

Methodically he gathered up the wood, piece by piece, the very action of gathering negating self. He strung the wood to one of the asses and, suddenly in a real daze, collapsed onto the other one.

They were on the path - could it be mid-morning? Had he taken leave of Sarah? He couldn't remember. Up into the hills. Where were they going? He could see himself giving orders and acting naturally, but in actuality, he had died and some alien spirit had taken over his body. The real him was up behind his eyes, totally detached. Numb, but aching.

Days - how many? - passed. Even Isaac had fallen quiet. Then, reality, present, crashed in. Lightnings of pain seared his body and his mind was white hot. They were there. O God. Out of the depths I cry to thee, Yahweh, Yahweh, Yahweh.

They stopped. He was icy cold now but felt perfectly controlled. GOD DAMN IT ALL TO HELL. He knew what he had to do.

"Jeb, Zoak, stay with the animals. We'll (I'll) be back directly. Isaac (my beloved Son), take this wood for the sacrifice and let's go up to the top there."

The hot coals (when had he remembered to bring them?) burnt his icy hand - the pain felt good. Burn, hand, burn. The knife he tucked in his girdle.

Up, up, up to the top. A far way but far too close. Isaac struggling as the wood slipped. Breathlessly asking: "My father!"

GOD - what pain!

"Yes, my Son, here I am."

"Where is the lamb which we

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ABRAHAM

by Suzanne Schafer

Dedicated to all PTS juniors who wrote the Abraham paper for OT 01.

Lost in a void, falling, whirling, spiraling down, down, down. He knew he was going to be sick, and he was, and again, and again. And finally, emptied of all substance, he lay in a foetal heap, exhausted, in the dust of the ground, his beard and hair matting, his whole being sour with the efforts and effects of vomit. God. O God. Why? How? I can't. I won't. Why? Help. No past. No future. Only wretched present.

Fifteen minutes ago - only fifteen minutes? - life had been otherwise. Even sweet. He had a son to gladden his old age. Yahweh had been good. Yahweh was his friend. They had conversed, and argued, and agreed. He had not always lived up to what he felt Yahweh expected, and Yahweh had sometimes been harsh, but for the last thirteen years, life had been sweet.

And now. He stared into the dust, not focusing, his mind trying to block out what had just happened.

He had lost touch with Yahweh as time had passed since he had settled in the land of the Philistines. It had been many years since he and Sarah had mentioned the mysterious things they had experienced through their relationship with Yahweh. He was old, and had thought that he might die soon. The thought had not been bitter because of Isaac, his son who would live forever. Isaac - the image of the boy still infused his being with such awe and delight and love that for a moment he felt royal blue and scarlet and emerald and gold - and then - God!!! Black - utter, utter despair - death. He must die - now - it hurt to live. Aching.

He lost himself in the pain, delivering himself over to it - it

was easier to hurt than to think.

Why, Yahweh, why? What about our promise? How can you, after saying that I would be a father of nations, take my only Son - my Isaac? And not only take him in death, but to ask me - me - to kill him - to sacrifice him to you. To bind his soft flesh with rough cords, to truss him up, to lay him on a hunk of stone, to take a knife and to cut his throat, to feel his blood on my hands, running down warm, over my body. To say prayers over him and to burn him. Burn him. My Son. My Isaac. O God. No. I can't. I won't. Take me. Let me cut my own throat. Take my old worn out life, but spare Isaac. Please Yahweh. Spare Isaac.

No. Nothing. Impossible to do this incomprehensible thing. But more impossible to refuse Yahweh. He had never felt Yahweh's presence closer, and yet he had never felt more alone.

Up from the dust. It must be done. But don't think about it. To comprehend it is to die. Wipe out all thoughts from the mind. Blank. ----- One step at a time.

Into the compound. O God - there's Isaac. Tall and brown and laughing - and now running toward him with a shout of greeting which turns to one of concern.

"Father, are you ill?" What's the matter? Come into the tent. Mother! Father is ill."

O God. What to say. Aching.

"Yahweh has spoken to me - out there. Not to worry. I'm all right. He wants me to take Isaac and for us to go into the wilderness to sacrifice to Him. Not to worry. He startled me and I felt a bit sick. I suppose I had a vision. Just let me lie down for a while. Sarah, tell Jeb and Zoak

(Continued on p. 6)

2. On alternating days of the first week of each month, we will celebrate the Lord's Supper. This service will always run from 10:00 to 10:30 with classes beginning at their usual time, 10:40.

3. In chapel, as in all other areas of campus life, we ask that all people use inclusive language. In order to facilitate this in the singing of hymns, the small blue book Praise God All People is available in the pew rack. When there is an asterisk (*) next to a hymn number, refer to the blue book for the appropriate language change. The hymns are listed alphabetically by first lines. It is the responsibility of each person to take advantage of the time before chapel begins or during the introduction of the hymn to note the change.

4. The time allotted to chapel is twenty (20) minutes. The worship leader is under no obligation to fill this time, but he or she is obligated to conclude within that twenty minutes. If the bell should ring before the final prayer, we will sing only one verse of the final hymn. I know first-hand how difficult it is to stay within this time frame. Many students, however, cannot afford more time than this because they have other responsibilities to which they must attend between 10:20 and 10:40. For this reason we make a special request that all worship leaders maintain the trust of the worshipping community in this regard. Only by having a brief chapel service each day can we afford the time to have chapel at all.

With the co-operation of everyone involved, chapel will remain a significant focus of our worship lives.

ABRAHAM - continued

will be sacrificing to Yahweh?"

"Yahweh will provide that."

Ha, bloody ha. Yahweh will provide all right. My lamb. My only Son-lamb. Utter rawness.

Now. Here. Heap stone on stone.

"No, Isaac, I'll do this."

Each stick just so. Now. Cords. Bind his warm limbs close to his body. Tightly hurting. He's silent. Eyes hugh with liquid wonder. Do it now - quick - don't think. Knife in right hand. Left hand grabbing curls and pulling head back. Time shifts into slow motion. Right arm raises, muscles tighten to down swing. Then

"Abraham."

O God.

"On the mount of Yahweh it shall be provided."

Praise Yahweh, all my soul.

APATHY AT P.T.S.

by Deborah Douie

All this past week I have heard announcements in the cafeteria about vacancies on the Student Government, Seminary Council and Student-Faculty committees. When I started seminary four years ago, such announcements were seldom made. As a junior, I was too shy to run for office since there were many other qualified people were ready and willing to run. Positions were created so that students could have a say in their education. Now students don't seem to care.

(Continued on p. 8)

What are the reasons for this change in attitude? Four years ago, students were involved in political life on and off campus. They can vassed for Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter and they protested industrial involvement in South Africa which furthered apartheid there. There were many Vietnam veterans on campus using up their G.I. Bill educational grants. There were also left-over 60's radicals who had come here to avoid the draft. Many students had come straight from college full of ideas and enthusiasm.

In contrast, few of today's students count themselves part of the Vietnam-60's era. Many students have spent time in the "outside world" between college graduation and entering seminary. Those who have come here straight from college are not part of the campus revolt generation. Some take participation in campus government for granted; others don't really care.

Is the reason for lack of involvement here the lack of involvement in college? Is it a reflection of older students' frustration from their lives outside? I think that these are possibilities. After four years here, I know that students do not have a say in every aspect of their education. Seminary Council is a forum in which the administration and faculty can hear students' ideas pro and con the Seminary. Student Government governs the relations of individuals and of student groups on campus. Student-Faculty Committees are an effort to hear students' current concerns.

Participation in student government is an opportunity to serve one's fellow students. It is also an opportunity to learn about the P.T.S. system and how to work within it. This is good practice for all students who will be involved in church government after graduation as most of us will. Participati is also a way to take responsibility for life here.

You don't have to run for campus office to be involved in student government. Remember that you as a student here have a right and a responsibility to vote in campus elections. Then find out who represents you on which board and take your questions and ideas to these people. It doesn't take more than five minutes to vote, so why not participate at least in the selection of your government here?

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Susanna Hodge visits these pages from time to time as an observer of the campus social scene and as its critic.

NIGHT LIFE AT PRINCETON

Being fairly-sexed and fairly witty
And a resident of the seminary city,
I, weekend-before-last, got two invitations
Which I accepted, albeit with reservations:
The first to a Women's Center Open House;
The second, a party for a bonafide louse.
While granting the uniqueness of each affair,
I was struck by how much there was to compare:

The festive feminist fête seemed to be
Over-shadowed by the portrait of our friend, B.B.,
And I thought that I saw his upper lip curl
As a ghostly voice said, "I'm glad I'm not a girl."

Likewise, the site of the birthday occasion
Was dominated by a man of the male persuasion.
And I thought as I watched him stroke an unkempt beard,
"I'm thankful, so thankful, that I'm not that weird."

Refreshments? The ladies did not have a bunch:
Hot water, stale cookies and V.B.S. punch.
The liquor at Charlie's tasted better to me,
But to be fair I'll admit, the girls' eats were free.

There was a difference in language, tho' both groups used "inclusive,"
And neither, at any point, got too abusive.
"Darlin' do you want to?" was all he could say.
His booze-soaked tongue got in the way,
And he couldn't spit out that last word: "dance,"
But the junior gals understood his gasps and pants.

The ladies, by contrast, remained quite coherent:
"Change 'sons' into 'children' and 'Father' to 'Parent'."
"Sisterhood is nice" but what brought the applause
Was when they all shouted loud "Blue bows on Bali bras!"

Joseph asked women questions that I won't repeat.
The questions from women were not so neat:
We got to say what God was doing in our lives
And why saying "Women's Center" gives us the hives.

The birthday party was the more popular affair,
The attendance was quite a bit greater there.
But men were not welcomed at either event,
And not all the women were glad that they went.

If this is Princeton night life, in conclusion I'll state
I'd prefer to go out on a bad high school date.

--Susanna Hodge

SKYJACKED - continued

Our six hour stay in the José Martí International Airport was very impressive. We were taken to the airport restaurant and gift shops. A Cuban waiter exclaimed with authority, "All you want to eat or drink is on the Cuban government!" (I understand the bill is afterwards passed on to the airline company).

I must confess that six hours worth intriguing conversations, Cuban sandwiches, coffee and juice cannot be contained in this short article. The atmosphere was saturated with a spirit of joy and celebration. Many new relationships were established between Cubans and passengers as new perspectives were shared. I got to speak to a Cuban comrade at the airport. We briefly discussed the skyjacking question, socialism, capitalism and religion. He was warm and open. I told him I was a Christian minister of the Gospel. He replied, "There is freedom of religion in Cuba. Anyone can attend the church one desires." He himself was an unbeliever, he said and held strong socialist, anti-capitalist views. But he did not seem at all like a machine.

I felt a bit sad to leave Habana as a female Cuban revolutionary exclaimed with deep sincerity, "The next time you come, come voluntarily and you'll experience how the Cuban people will treat you!"

Finally, we arrived at San Juan International Airport at 4:30 AM the next day. The plane was inundated with FBI agents, all wearing the typical "Guayabera" dress of the island. All passengers were processed with forms asking for names, addresses and social security numbers. At one point they asked us if we had seen or heard anything. About 100 passengers raised their hands. A stewardess next to us said to an agent, "I don't see why all these people are raising their hands. The men never left their seats and half

these people were too far away to hear anything!" I commented, "Well this is really a case for the FBI." He didn't laugh.

The next time you are on a plane and you hear, "Ladies and gentlemen, we will be stopping in Habana," don't panic! Eat all your food, say a few jokes (not to FBI agents) and don't try to walk toward the skyjackers out of curiosity. I tried this and five stewardesses stopped me before I got to ask for a blanket. Enjoy the ride, eat a Cuban sandwich and don't ask for mayonnaise or mustard. Tips are not permitted and the papaya juice tastes like bark water.

Speak with the people in an open frame of mind. Try to feel and hear the rhythms of love and struggle for a new social order. The Cuban people might indeed be on to something that we North Americans have yet to learn (or remember). The Cuban struggle appears to reflect a quest for human love and dignity that our nation has lost sight of. To be a member of Cuban society means to strive for a new humanity.

The goals of a socialist society might be ones that our present and future generations may want to explore more seriously. Our brief glimpse into Cuba raised some questions. The answers may lie in a voluntary return visit.

Viewpoint is published by the students of Princeton Theological Seminary. It is a journal for discussion of issues facing the school and the church; it is also a vehicle for creative expression. The opinions expressed in Viewpoint are those of the contributors and not necessarily those of the Seminary or the editorial staff.

Contributions of essays, poetry, stories, commentary, and graphics are welcome and will be carefully considered. All contributions must be signed; names may be withheld upon request. Contributions and letters may be left in the Viewpoint box at the switchboard in the Administration Building.

Pamphlet

V 6755

v. 20:3

Political Debate: Hot As

Viewpoint

Volume XX, Number 3
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AN OPEN LETTER TO THE SEMINARY COMMUNITY

Recently material has been circulating concerning the OT 01 course. The material carries the signature of the "Q Committee" or "A Brother of Q." The thrust of the material is an objection to the teaching of higher criticism, or the JEPD position, by Dr. Anderson.

Dr. Anderson has presented this position systematically and thoroughly. He has acknowledged that other approaches exist in the Christian community. Dr. Anderson has not demanded that any student accept this position as a matter of faith and practice. The only demand has been that the student be aware of this approach and be capable of discussing and applying it. Surely, this is not an unreasonable demand in an academic community.

(Continued on. p. 2)



IS THERE LIFE AFTER SEMINARY?

by Pete Ferriby '80

Well, is there? I am tempted to respond as I would to the question, "Is there a resurrection life?" by answering, "Well, yes, but it is different."

This question is pressed by reflection upon an amusing book Ralph Keynes' Is There Life After High School? Keynes points out that high school experiences have little to do with life as an adult in the adult part of the world. The big reason is that status in the peer group cannot be measured, rewarded, and increased in high school as it can amongst adults, with money and leaal power. The result? The high school peer group devises its own ways of recognizing and compensating status, with the wildly warped results we all knew and loved or hated.

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"Q" continued

In fairness to the "Q" position it must also be stated that acknowledgement of a position and presentation of a position are not the same thing. Serious consideration should be given to a course designed to familiarize students with the strengths and weaknesses of a variety of approaches. Some study in this area is undertaken in other courses offered at the seminary; however, time limitations make it difficult to explore these approaches in any depth. Anyone wishing to investigate the possibilities of a course of this type, or the possibility for expanding the content of a course, should begin by submitting a request through the Academic Review Committee.

Thinking, caring, concerned Christians honestly approach scripture from many angles. There is no one position that has absolute proof of accuracy, or can harmonize all difficult passages of scripture. In an academic setting we must have the courage to entertain new, startling and sometimes frightening ideas. Those who search to bring these ideas forth should be held in the deepest prayer by the rest of the community. Never must we confuse intellectual questioning with a relationship to Jesus Christ.

We have a struggle before us. The tension is evident. It is not only our struggle but a struggle in existence throughout the Church. All must struggle to know God's word. Begin, then, with prayer for the seminary community, the OTOL staff, Dr. Anderson, and the "Q" committee.

Yours in Christ,
Judy Dean

WOMEN'S CENTER

By Sarah Henseler, coordinator,
Women's Center

Is it a place, a program, or a group of people? What is the Women's Center? Perhaps some of the confusion apparent in these questions (and the length of our answers!) comes from the fact that the Women's Center is all three. There is a room in the basement of Stuart Hall which serves as library and gathering place that is called "the Women's Center." More importantly, though, we are all the women of the seminary community: students, wives, faculty and administration. Our governing body is a board made up of fourteen women, both students and wives. As women's roles change, the people of the seminary community need to be prepared for service in a changing church. An understanding of the issues and challenges we women face and the difference those make in the ministries of both men and women is, therefore, a crucial part of our seminary education.

So the Women's Center provides programs which deal with some of these issues. Men are welcome and encouraged to attend those programs which are educational such as films and panel discussions. Watch for announcements of these programs in the Wine-skin and on posters around campus. If you have ideas for programs or are interested in learning more about a particular issue concerning women, please feel free to make your suggestions known to a member of the board. Our names are posted on the Women's Center bulletin board in the campus center. The Women's Center (place, program, and people!) is here so that together we can prepare for the challenges and opportunities of service in the church today. ☒

HANDY HINTS FOR A NEW COMMUNITY

#2 Remember "Fine" may mean "I'm not willing to tell you."

LIFE AFTER SEMINARY - continued

For example, name the statusy things to do in high school: be a football quarterback; take shop classes; own a car; write poetry for the school newspaper; be editor of the yearbook; be a Thespian; be a cheerleader; interrupt Chem. class because you've got to go to the Guidance Office.

If you answered "yes" to every other one starting with the first, you're an "innie." If you answered "yes" to the others, you deserve Princeton Seminary. You're an "outie."

SEMINARY IS MUCH LIKE HIGH SCHOOL.

Name the statusy things to do at Princeton Seminary: read the Scripture at Commencement; organize parties on fourth-floor Alex; ask the Warfield Lecturer a question; work in the dish pit; interrupt Ed Dowey and get away with it; sew banners for the Vigil; go to lunch with Don Macleod; be a junior and live in the Pits.

If you named--once again--every other one starting with the first, you deserve Princeton Seminary. If you named any others, there is yet hope.

In Seminary, status cannot be awarded in the same way that it is in the ministerial part of the world, that is, with money and ecclesiastical power. (One cruel lesson of "Life After Seminary" is that money counts, never mind what you think about "The Call." As they say, "Happiness doesn't buy money.") Seminarians, ever status-conscious after the gruelling and cruel experience of getting college grades good enough to gain admission to this place, devise their own ways of getting status (or getting even).

Besides the artificial status of good vibes coming from the honchos and honchettes that run this

place, the REAL peer status has to do with "knowing things about people." The gossip in seminary is far crueller than any in high school.

Real Solid-Gold Status in Seminary comes from being able to pick apart the people around you. Those who know psychology when they come in as Juniors (another tag for low status!) have a head start. The obnoxious process is furthered by the stuff that goes down in Pastoral Theology classes. Indeed, the psychological knowledge and insight gained, some of it genuine, really only seem to give seminarians a new, refined, special way to destroy each other and relationships.

"Knowing things about people" means: 1) you're competent, a "real people's pastor" (this feeds on fears of professional inadequacy) (See how easy it is to understand this?); 2) you're clever, a premium in an intellectual institution; 3) you can elect with whom to share your "knowing." The position is one of power, and don't we all love it

For example, a couple of years ago, the UPCUSA passed a truly vicious rule without quite realizing what it was doing. The rule says in effect that "avowed homosexuals" (what does "avowed" mean?) will not be ordained, but the topic is only to be discussed in the ordination trials if the candidate raises it. Further, ministers who are presently gay/lesbian cannot be thrown out. Therefore, if you're a gay/lesbian seminarian, shut up and you'll be ordained.

Now the effect of this ruling had or has in seminary is and was demonic, vicious, and un-Christly. If you think a peer seminarian is gay/lesbian, you can spread this rumor around and threaten his/her professional and personal legitimacy for ordination. Whether the person is in fact gay/lesbian is completely by definition extraneous. (Continued p. 4)

LIFE AFTER SEMINARY - continued

The point is the "knowing" because in the "knowing" and "sharing" (*i.e.*, gossiping) power is had, both in the alleged secret and in the knower's ability to threaten the seminarian in question.

I would like to move that this rule be designated the "Solar Heating of Closets" Rule.

"What's to be done?" asked Prince Oblonsky as he woke up in his study rather than his wife's bed.

You will probably want to get the Seminary off your back. You will meet many in Presbytery, Association, Diocese, or whatever who never did, and the spectacle is gruesome. You might want to get the Seminary off your back right now.

So here are some ways to do so, directly from the wisdom of an old Shinnecock Indian elder:

A. Things to do after graduation:

1. Go back to Seminary. Sit in on an OT Ol precept. Tell the preceptor off.
2. Get elected Moderator of General Assembly. Impound funds for seminaries.
3. Get elected trustee. Tell McCord what to do. Don't take any lip.
4. Publish a sermon entitled, "The Book of Order and Other States of Sin."
5. Write to the leading pulpiteer of your class. Ask him/her for a copy of his/her collected sermons.
6. Send a copy of every letter from your future Session, notifying you of a raise in pay, to the Pastoral Theology professor who said you should sell life insurance..



When I grow up, I want to get a PhD in Feminist Structural Exegesis

7. Become a Presbyterian minister, and steer all prospective seminarians to Harvard, Union-New York, or Claremont Graduate College.
 8. Send Felmeth's office long, teasing letters about your extremely rich maiden aunt who likes seminaries.
 9. Make a fantasy movie in which all the native Americans who once lived on what is now the Seminary land come alive at once and demand to know what the Seminary has done to their people.
- ### B. Things to do while you are here:
1. Preach in Miller Chapel braless. Bound up into the pulpit after the sermon hymn. Briskly.

(Continued p. 5)

LIFE AFTER SEMINARY - continued

B. Things to do while you are here (continued):

2. Write an article for Viewpoint. Make Cindy correct all your misspellings.
3. Work the serving line in the cafeteria. Give big portions to people you like and little portions to people you don't (or vice-versa, depending on the quality of the food).
4. Work the dish pit. Recite Nietzsche loudly--in German--during Wednesday lunch while the faculty dines in the adjoining private dining room.
5. Replace the portraits of the Princeton Trinity in McCord's office with portraits of Cardinal St. Francis de Sales, Cardinal Richelieu, and Cardinal Newman.
6. Make David Crawford frown.
7. Take an evening class entitled, "Public Speaking for Consciousness-Raising at the New School for Social Research. Make the Registrar's Office give you credit for it in place of PR 01.
8. Start an "I Wanted to go to Union-New York But Princeton Was Cheaper" Club.
9. Sue the Field Ed. Office for contracting your work for less than minimum wage.
10. Play punk rock records very loudly on Senior Seminar weekends.
11. Order letterhead stationery from a printer which says: "Princeton Theological Seminary: A Wholly-Don't-controlled Subsidiary of Manufacturers Hanover Trust." Distribute this widely through 475 Riverside Drive.

Special list for "innies" (people with status):

1. Get a Ph.D. in Feminist Structural Exegesis.
2. Publish a book: How Barth Was Wrong.
3. Take Dowey for any course. Spend the semester arguing that Calvin stole it all from Luther.
4. Write Diogenes Allen letters about the virtues of pop psychology.
5. Date a gay or a lesbian.

Special list for "outies" (people with low status):

1. Send the mailing list of your graduating class to the U.S. Labor Party.
2. Join Riverside Church.
3. Steal the bell clapper. Mail it to McCord C.O.D. from Austin, Texas.
4. Hold a beer-party on Friday afternoon under Emma Rowles' front window.
5. Start a petition drive to bring back George Stroup.

In the end, we all might be able to get the Seminary off our backs. That won't be the dialectical end of history, or what Christians call the Kingdom of God. It won't even really be a start.

But it could be fun. ☒

PIETIST'S LAMENT

I went to the Cross to be washed in the Blood;
I came to Princeton and got starched and pressed.

"LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY---EVEN AT PRINCETON"

By Daniel Erdman

The morning of my very first class day at PTS two years ago, I jumped eagerly from my bed and marched over to Miller Chapel for 6:30 AM prayers. For various reasons, mostly my liking to sleep late, I didn't return to prayers all semester. For a long time after that morning, whenever I saw someone who had been at morning prayers I felt a twinge of guilt.

This year I reinstituted morning prayers at 6:45 AM (a compromise, no doubt, with my somnolent qualities). Since they began, I have heard apologies from people who haven't shown up, or who came once or twice and no more. Perhaps they, as I did, make a Christian privilege into an occasion for Law which weighs heavily on them.

We need to think about what prayer is and is not. Prayer is not our seeking of our way to our ends. It is not a technique for improving our character or peace of mind, although it will have that effect. It is not a means of getting what we want, although God will give us what we need. Bernard of Clairvaux wrote, "God is not loved without reward, though God should not be loved with reward in view." It is not even for the purpose of being better able to serve God, although it must inevitably lead us to better service, not only to God but to those around us and far away. Our reason for praying has to be, simply, God.

Luke says that Jesus' disciples came to Him and asked, "Lord, teach us to pray." On the other hand, Matthew includes Jesus' spoken example of prayer in the Redaction on the Mount and seems to say that he took as a matter of course his followers' collective and individual prayer. Privilege or duty? A little of both. However, we in

Prayer - continued

this place have no days of holy obligation, no compulsory community-wide times for prayer. When we do meet, it is out of free choice, we hope. Coming together to pray because of guilt feelings or social pressure may indeed lead to blessing, but that blessing will come in spite of, not because of, the reluctance to be there.

Several meetings for prayer take place regularly. One is at 6:45 AM, Monday through Friday, in Miller Chapel. Another is at 5:15 PM, Monday through Friday, in the Alumni Room of the Campus Center. Another is weekly at 9:00 PM Thursday in Alexander Oratory. Come and pray with others. If you don't come more than once, you need not feel ill at ease or guilty for choosing not to continue participating in one of these prayer times.

Whether you come or not, please do pray. This may sound silly in a seminary, (although I don't hear too many people laughing). We are called to be both Marys and Marthas in our Christian walk; yet Jesus did call Mary's choice the better part. ☒

ON WRITING BAD

People are drawn to the seamy, the risqué and the violent. It is easy to write for them about what is wrong and dying.

It is hard to write well of the good, to make a good report attractive, especially if it is truth.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

In the last issue of Viewpoint there appeared a little ode entitled "Night Life at Princeton" pseudonymously authored by one Susanna Hodge. We found this piece not only excessively vitriolic but also disturbing in that it is indicative of a recent trend toward cowardice which we hope can be quashed as soon as possible.

While we concede that all people have a right to their opinions about certain people and organizations on this campus, we hope that we speak for the majority of the members of this community when we say that no one has the right to wreak their malice by submitting for publication a catalogue of cheap shots for community consumption. However, if there are people who feel compelled to malign persons or organizations in this way they should have the courage to identify themselves. Concealing oneself in the pusillanimous cloak of anonymity or pseudonymity is undignified in any community, and in this community, which should be nurturing a sense of Christian fellowship, it defeats the purposes of both community and fellowship.

This letter would have been unnecessary if the editors of Viewpoint had had a sufficient sense of editorial responsibility to reject "Night Life at Princeton." It is not only detrimental for all the aforementioned reasons, it is also singularly bad poetry.

Pseudonymity and anonymity seem to have become more popular in recent weeks. It is our sincere hope that people will realize the venomous spirit which motivates unknown authors and that people in editorial positions will recognize the difference between satire and slander.

Unanonymously Yours,
David Campbell
Fred Lyon



RONALD REAGAN

By Tyler L. Easley

Once upon a time, there was a king. And this king was very fat. In fact he was just about the fattest king imaginable. He got this way from eating lots of food. You see, the people of his kingdom were just about the best farmers around. And everyone would give the king a portion of their harvest. The king liked this very much. And the more he ate, the more he wanted. His kingly appetite grew bigger all the time. Well, pretty soon, even the king reached his limit. But being a nice sort of fellow, he invited some of his friends to join him at table, feasting on the fruits of the land. His friends of course, liked the food very much too. And they all had a great time, eating and eating and eating. The king enjoyed all this so much that he made his friends assistant kings, so that they could stay in his castle permanently. These assistant kings, being good sort of fellows like the king, invited some of their

(Continued p. 8)

Ronald Reagan - continued

friends to join them. This, of course, was fine with the king: "The more the merrier!" he would bellow.

Now as time went by, the party in the castle grew to be very large. This required more and more food. And while the farmers liked their king very much, they began to wonder just how much more of their crops the king would take. (You see, some of the bigger farms were already giving about 40% of their harvest to the king and his friends.) The people began to grumble. But worse than grumbling, they began to ask questions, like: "Why do we give a portion of our harvest to the king anyway?" Some of the elders knew why. Long ago, it seemed, there was a horrible drought. Nobody's crops could grow. Even the big farms were in trouble. Food was running out, and the people were getting desperate. Then, just when things looked the bleakest, a new king came along. (By the way, kings were skinny in those days.) And this new king told the people not to be afraid. In fact, he said that it was fear, and not the drought, that was the real enemy. This made the people feel good, and they liked their new king very much. But the new king did much more than just this. He made a deal with the people. If the people would give the king some of their crops (of what little was left), he would find the people water for their fields. (This new king, it seemed, was a genius at complex irrigation systems.) And you know what? It worked! The people got their water, the king got a share of the crops, and everyone was happy.

Well, the years passed, and with the crashing of thunder, a great storm came. This signaled the end of the drought, and eventually things got back to normal. Well almost. You see, even though the drought had ended the people continued to give the king a por-

tion of their crops. This, the elders explained, was how the custom began. "But," someone protested, "the drought's been over for years. And that king of ours and his friends are eating more and more of our harvest all the time. They are getting fatter, and our profits are shrinking. Why should I work my fingers to the bone, if the fruit of my labors just winds up on his table?" (The fact was that many of the farmers had long since ceased doing their best work.)

This complaint seemed reasonable enough to the people. Yet they knew that the fat king and his fat friends were very powerful, and liked eating very much. And any thought of refusing to supply the feast of the king from their harvest was quickly squelched. And surely, they reasoned, the appetite of the king and his friends would reach it's limit someday, wouldn't it? And the people dreamed of the days of skinny kings and lived miserably ever after. The End.

When asked to write a brief article in support of Ronald Reagan, I quickly realized that my support for Ronald Reagan rested basically on the answer to one question: "Which candidate would encourage most a philosophy of government leading to skinnier kings and happier farmers (and farm employees, I might add)?" The Issue is: will the power of the State over individuals and business increase or decrease? I'm convinced that Ronald Reagan, though far from perfect, is a step in the right direction. ☒

JIMMY CARTER

By L. McBride Sigmon

It is a pleasure to speak on behalf of President Carter because he is a person who stands on the courage of his convictions. In an election year there is a tendency to listen to the rhetoric of both sides, but it is always better to quietly reflect upon the past, the present, and the future. In the case of Jimmy Carter's presidency, there has been honesty and courage, there is commitment and drive, and there will be peace and a national confidence.

In looking at the past four years one remembers many things, but my favorite memory continues to be the signing of the Camp David Accords. The world saw two ancient enemies brought together solely by the hard work and dedication of President Carter. In the face of incredible odds the enemies became neighbors, exchanged ambassadors, and are now working toward a complete peace. Although President Carter was denied the Nobel Peace Prize, neither Sadat nor Begin were the least bit hesitant about crediting him with the victory. The sense of pride I felt then was reaffirmed in the return of the Panama Canal to those who rightfully deserved and sorely needed its profits. In the face of harsh criticism President Carter fought for and pushed through this long-overdue legislation. Facing harsh criticism again, Jimmy Carter battled the special-interest groups and lobbies as he deregulated gas, the airline industry, and trucking. Certainly one of the wisest moves in world diplomatic history was Carter's recognition of China and the subsequent normalization of relations with the most populous nation on earth. Finally, never has America's belief in the sacredness of human life and dignity been better demonstrated than by President Carter's decisions in two areas: First, the economic and Olympic

boycott in reaction to the invasion of Afghanistan; second, the hostage crisis, in which President Carter has kept a nation cool and steady by placing the lives of the hostages above all other considerations. These are the outstanding memories of an administration which has sought to struggle honestly with the tremendous problems of a changing America and a changing world.

In looking at the present, we are beginning to taste the first fruits of this struggle, although much work is still ahead. Gas supplies are plentiful, and OPEC is confused regarding pricing. America is feeling an economic cure as a result of President Carter's harsh medicine. The China grain sale holds the promise of future economic prosperity for both nations through trade. Because of the President's commitment to peace not one American is fighting overseas. The struggle for equality continues with the President actively working for women's rights and a greater application of Civil Rights for all Americans. Jimmy Carter continues to have the respect of the international community, and he continues to carry the hope of those who struggle for human rights, both at home and abroad. Finally, President Carter is continuing his course of moderation and thoughtful decision-making, and he is still speaking from the heart with candor and honesty.

In looking at the future, there is the assurance that Jimmy Carter will continue to lead with the dignity of his office. To say that there haven't been mistakes of that the future will be free from error is to deny that a President is human, but to assert that Jimmy Carter will not continue to learn or grow in his office belies the past four years. The first vote I ever cast was for President Jimmy Carter. I will be prouder to cast the same vote on Tuesday than I was in 1976. [V]

JOHN ANDERSON

by Shelly Stackhouse

One of the slogans for the Anderson-Lucey campaign is "Think about the Anderson Difference." In this election, Anderson's experience and stands on the issues show a clear difference.

John Anderson has had the courage to speak on unpopular issues during this campaign.. In a speech to the National Rifle Association, he spoke of his wish to limit handgun sales. In Detroit, he spoke on his plan for a gasoline tax to encourage conservation and use of alternate forms of transportation and energy. He advocates income supplements for the poor who might be hurt by such a tax.

Anderson believes in protecting our environment. Most recently, he co-sponsored the Alaska Land Bill in Congress. This protects undeveloped sections of Alaska from greedy developers.

On the economy, Anderson supports government support of capital investments to create more jobs. He supports limits of government spending to ease inflation while opposing wage and price controls.

Anderson would seek an arms control agreement with the Soviet Union as a central part of his foreign policy. He would expand trade with China, reduce dependence on foreign oil, and seek better understanding of third world countries. He opposes the MX missile and draft registration. He supports the volunteer army although he would like to see it upgraded.

The passage of the ERA has long been a concern. Anderson believes that all Americans should have equal rights, and that the Constitution should reflect this. He also advocates freedom of choice for women seeking abortions. In the candidate's own words, "The state simply should not be allowed to interfere with this intimate choice."

Remembering the lessons of Three Mile Island, Anderson advocates a moratorium on the licensing of new nuclear power plants until a satisfactory solution to the nuclear waste problem has been produced. Also, more effective safety requirements should be mandatory for all existing nuclear power plants.

Since Anderson entered Congress in 1960, he has supported every major civil rights bill which has been considered. He believes that until all Americans have the right to work together for the good of the country, this nation will not be fulfilling its great potential.

For twenty years, Anderson has served Illinois in Congress. None of the other major candidates can claim this level of experience. This gives him first-hand working experience in the Federal Government. Study the issues, and think about the Anderson Difference. ☒

WHERE IS SOWETO?

South Africa seems to have graduated. Was all that stink just two or three loudmouths?

Where are the movers and shakers?

VOTE FOR BARRY COMMONER

By Paul F. Rack

Barry Commoner is a noted environmentalist who has written several widely read books on energy and ecology. For the past few years he has been lecturing around the country on the present feasibility of solar energy and the need for a new political party in America. A year ago August he and some other people, notably Julian Bond, Maggie Kuhn, Studs Terkel, and Ed Sadlowski, came together and formed the Citizens' Party.

The Citizens' Party is basically populist: we believe that political and economic power must rest ultimately with local communities and individual citizens. We are emphatically opposed to the concentration of power in government bureaucracy and especially big business. In fact we believe corporate power to be the central issue in national and world politics.

Examples of this abound. In the most vital segments of the economy we have seen the national interest disregarded and decisions made based purely on profit considerations. The oil companies shifted their operations to the middle east because more money was to be made; while we now suffer the consequences in our dependence on foreign oil. The auto industry has for years decided to make big, inefficient cars because they were more profitable; now the government has to bail out Chrysler and Americans are waiting in line to buy Japanese and German cars. The steel industry is also in trouble now because they decided it was more profitable to rely on war contracts rather than investing in more modern plants: now Japanese steel is cheaper and better than ours. In these cases and in countless others, we see major decisions being made, decisions which dramatically affect the lives of every American, and in no case do citizens have an opportunity to even

express an opinion, let alone actively participate.

None of the three major candidates for President addresses the problem of corporate power. To them it is not a problem. In fact each in his own way proposes a solution which will only further entrench big business. Carter and Reagan both decide to put people back to work by beefing up our already ineffectively obese military, and relaxing government regulation of business. Anderson simply-mindedly proposes a tax on gasoline to fight inflation. All this amounts to feeding the mouth that bites us. Barry Commoner, in contrast to these three tuggers of the corporate line, simply suggests that every citizen have a real voice in the economic and political decisions affecting our lives. The common interest ought to come before profit-margin in policy formation. This is an obscure concept these days. It's called democracy.

It is no wonder that less than half of the registered voters will probably vote this year. We feel like we have no say in what happens to us. Do we? Elect Carter, Reagan, or Anderson and decisions will still be made by the same people in the same boardrooms of corporate America. And the Trilateral Commission, of which Anderson, Bush, and Carter have been members, claims that even what we have now is "too much democracy." The Commoner campaign is directed at a new alignment of power in America. We are organizing nationwide to build a permanent party which will give people an alternative to life controlled by the cynical greed of a few at the top.

The Citizens' Party platform has the following among its proposals:

---the reindustrialization of basic industries under worker and

(Continued p.12)

Barry Commoner - continued

- community control;
- a swift halt to nuclear power and a national commitment to solar energies;
- a national campaign to rebuild the railroads;
- support for family farms and small businesses;
- a moratorium on research and deployment of new nuclear weapons, and new initiatives towards multilateral nuclear disarmament;
- sharp cuts in the defense budget and conversion of defense plants to alternative production;
- support of ERA and affirmative action.

The only way this country is going to survive the 1980's is to pray and organize. The Citizens' Party is an effort to do the latter. We are on the ballot in nearly 30 states. America stares war, depression, and ecological disaster in the face this year. Don't throw your vote away on more of the same. Instead, vote for survival, peace, and community. Vote for Barry Commoner and LaDonna Harris on November 4. V

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Deadline for next issue: November 6.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS--

William Anderson, a junior from Westmont College in California, did the calligraphy for this issue.

David Campbell and Fred Lyon are middleers.

Judy Dean, a junior from God's favorite state, does not have a dog named Toto.

Tyler Easley, a native Californian, wishes to remain anonymous.

Daniel Erdman, del paisaje encantada, se graduó de la Princeton University y de la Universidad de New Mexico. También habla español.

Peter Ferriby '80 is now Campus Minister at Southampton College and Suffolk College (East) on Long Island. His sexual memoirs of Princeton Seminary will be serialized this January in The Village Voice.

Sarah Henseler, a native New Jerseyan and Hope College alumna, is destined to be Shōgun.

Paul Rack, the soft-spoken member of a local punk-rock band lives (?) on the fourth floor of Alexander Hall.

L. McBride Sigmon is a middleer from Charlotte, NC. He learned about P.T.S. from a matchbook cover. He is still waiting for the Elvis L.P.'s and memorial poster.

Shelly Stackhouse chairs Plowshare, the campus group concerned with peace issues.

Mark Wallace, of rapier wit and phantom pen, contributed the cartoons for this issue.

Editors: Cindy Shepherd and Meredith Cargill.
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SELF-EXAMINATION ISSUE

Viewpoint

Volume XX

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November 13, 1980

WEIGHTS

by Steve Booth

Tomorrow I am going to begin working out on weights. Yes, I must certainly start daily workouts. I have been telling myself that I will begin and tomorrow I am going to do it. The reasons for beginning to build up the bulk and tone in my muscles are obvious to those who look at me closely. I can feel their judging eyes penetrate the padding of my clothing in order to gaze upon the deficiencies around my shoulders and waist. I can hear them say to themselves, "He certainly is skinny," or "I wonder why he doesn't take a little time to build up his body. Certainly he has the potential to have a pleasant looking body. So why doesn't he do it?" So, tomorrow I am going to start. I must.

Mind you, I have never had sand kicked in my face while I was at the beach with my girlfriend. Or I've never been in a bar and been shoved around by a motorcycle gang looking for a little entertainment. In fact, if I wear a sweater with a shirt and then perhaps a jacket of some sort, I can look fairly big. I have shoulders of decent dimension so my clothes can help to fill out the cavities in my upper body. Perhaps my neck is a bit thin (I've been called "pencil-necked") and my face can be a bit drawn at times, but it would be hard to hide my face and neck with clothing unless I wore a ski mask like some psychotic killer on the loose.

I really think that my feelings about being skinny are, for the most part, self-generated. I mean, the only people that have spoken to me about being thin are those who are fat. So really, all of this talk about being skinny is coming from my own mind. Of course it is. People are jealous of me because all of the clothes fashions are made for people who are thin and that makes me one of the lucky ones.

But I can remember working out in the weight room at the college. Big bulky football types were in there and they looked at me like they would look at a Cambodian refugee. I could see the pity in their eyes and they would say to themselves, "He looks like a before picture in an ad for body building protein powder." And I would bravely struggle on in order to start the process toward bigger, bulkier muscles. Well, it was tough to continue and I quit after several weeks, but now I am determined to begin my building-up program again. I know now that it is not only important for my body to be stronger, but it

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Meredith Cargill.

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is good for my mind to have the assurance that once I start a project that I will carry it through to completion. My mind needs that. Yes, it does.

I will start with the lighter weights. No sense pushing myself. A little done over a longer period of time is better than a lot done in one day. We weight lifters know how to pace ourselves. Sure, there will be some soreness during the first week but that just means that the muscles are breaking down and will be built up bigger and stronger than ever after a few days. (I overheard someone say this at the college weight room). And I must give myself a goal to strive for such as so many "reps" of a certain weight or 5 or 10 pounds of weight put on in two weeks, something like that. And I must work out every other day in order to let my body recover so that I don't damage any of the muscle tissue.

I'm glad that I'm going to start working out on the weights. Working out will help me spiritually and psychologically as well as physically. Perhaps my religious life will improve as well. I'll be able to buy T-shirts that I can bulge out of and tight fitting dress shirts that compliment my physique. Tomorrow is the day that I begin. I've been wanting to get going and tomorrow is it. My mind will be at ease once I begin. It will be a big worry taken care of. Yes, tomorrow I hope I can start lifting the weights. It would be a good thing, don't you think? Yes, I must get started on the weights. I must. 

VIEWPOINT BEHIND THE SCENES

Word has it that Jimmy Carter may run for the White House again in 1984. Our very own Jim Hill brings us this transcript of a post-election dialogue between the President and his campaign manager, Hamilton Jordan.

Jordan: Mr. President, after looking at the final returns, we think you should run again in 1984.

Carter: Come on Ham. Will you act straight for a change?

J: No, Mr. President. Our final results show that you still have a base of support in every region of the country. For instance, you held on to your southern base by winning Georgia. In the East you not only won Maryland, but D.C. as well. Rhode Island voted for you, showing that you still have strength in New England, while your victory in West Virginia indicates you have not lost your po base among the border states. Finally, Jimmy, your victories in Minnesota and Hawaii show clearly that you have the support of not only the Midwest and West, but every part of the country.

C: That's exciting, Ham. What else?

J: You lost a dozen states by forty thousand votes or less, and seven by fewer than fifteen thousand. Add to that your near win in New York, and there's 126 electoral votes you lost by only a whisper!

C: So what should I do for 1984?

J: Call John Anderson.

C: Why him? He cost me thirteen states.

J: That's exactly why you need him. with his support you would have been within three percentage point of Reagan.

C: What about Kennedy?


J: Well Jimmy, you're not going to like this. You have to call Jerry Falwell and Join Moral Majority. They have Kennedy's seat targeted for 1982.

C: But he doesn't think I'm Christian enough.

J: Don't worry about that. We can offer him a cabinet position.

C: Like what? He wants to dis-mantle the federal bureaucracy.

J: You can designate him Secretary of Morality.

C: (Dials Lynchburg 800-446-5000.) Hello, Jerry? This is Jimmy. I've decided to repent of my views on ERA and such, and to come back into the fold. 

"CHEER UP"

by Kathleen R. Willms

Grief is something which you may have already experienced. You may not have. There are many varieties of grieving, over the loss of a loved one, relationship, home, pet, etc. In our PT courses, death and dying are addressed to some degree. The grieving process of survivors is generally not addressed as fully. For those who are training to be pastors, it seems wise to be aware of some of the dynamics of the grieving process.

It is my purpose to give a few observations from my own experience which may resonate with your own. I would invite you to mull them over and let them shape the way you approach grief.

Grieving in the Seminary environment is decidedly different than grieving at home. Solitude, an essential part of the process, is hard to come by. There were times when I needed to be alone, to think, to cry, to throw things or to pray. One can do these things with the loving support of friends and family, to be sure, but the moments do come when one cannot bear the thought of being with other people. Sometimes people here at PTS do not understand this desire. As a way to have some time alone, I have been putting my infamous "Do Not Disturb" sign on my door. Sure enough, some well-meaning folks have tapped on the door and have come in to chat about field ed or whatever may be on their agendas. Noticing that I am not responsive, or seem to be preoccupied, they want to know what is wrong. I give them a brief sketch of the grief I am feeling, due to the sudden death of a friend. Exit the visitor.

Often, accompanying this is the granddaddy of them all. Once I tell them what my situation is, they have an answer. Despite having graduated from PTOL, they let loose with "Well, cheer up." This is usually followed

by a discourse on the fact that I should remember that my friend is in heaven, etc. It would be pointless to engage in an exegesis of Romans with them, but I feel that being asleep in Christ is not the same as the ultimate fulfillment which awaits all humankind at the Celestial Banquet. To paraphrase one of our professors, we don't get our heavenly Wonder Bread when we die our individual deaths, but rather as a group, at the time when Christ shall establish His kingdom. At any rate, I know that my friend is no longer suffering. I do not grieve because of fears that he may not be in heaven. I grieve because I feel the loss of his presence. Someone I value is gone. It hurts, and it is very lonely. It is not enough to have other people around. This death has left a void which no one will replace. Adjustment to this takes time.

Another area which makes the process well-nigh impossible is the cafeteria. For the past few weeks, I have been thinking about ways to avoid going in there, standing in line, and sitting at a table. To begin with, seminarians are very big on reading faces. If I do not have my seminary smile intact, someone accuses me of being depressed or anti-social, or says, like a parent with a toy, "How about just a little smile for me?" After a smirk, they seem satisfied, not noticing the false light of my eyes diminishing even as they walk away--satisfied that they have done their duty to preserve the ideal that Christians are always smiling. Sitting at a table is very difficult. A grieving person does not feel chatty and does not want to join the usual fare of conversation about classes, food, etc., but to sit quietly and say nothing is not viewed as acceptable by the others. After much prodding, I may tell them what is going on with me, but more often than not, these same people who wanted to know then feel uncomfortable, and quietly close the subject.

(Continued p. 4)

"Cheer Up"--continued

I do not intend to imply that this is always the case. There are many people here, ranging from students to professors to administrators, who have been keenly sensitive. They have allowed the process to declare itself. They have made allowances. My closest friends have left me alone when I have wanted that; they have stayed near without my having to ask them. They have run countless errands, transported me to and from airports, and have prayed with me. When it has become too much to handle, they have allowed me to share the deepest recesses of my sorrow in their presence. They have not told me to cheer up. From them, we may all learn a few things.

The specifics will vary with each person, but it is safe to say that the person who is grieving will be most helped if we try to let them express themselves, no matter how uncomfortable we may all feel about death. Do not coax false resolutions of anger or sorrow. Do not tell people to smile. We cannot expect persons in agony to do these things.

My friend loved music more than anything but Christ. I have been feeling as if my soul would sound, if it could be played, like the "Dies Irae" from the Verdi Requiem. It is only after the grieving process has run a long way that I will again be able to affirm, with Bach, "Rejoice, Beloved Christians, Because You Have a Saviour." ☒

(Kathleen's experience followed the death of Virgil Fox on 25 October 1980, with whom she had been close friends since 1973. She invites us to attend a memorial service of music and prayer to be held in his honor Sunday, 16 November, at 4:00 PM at Riverside Church in New York City.)

REPUBLICAN MILLENNIALISM

Ronald Wilson Reagan: each name has six letters. Guess what?

SEIZING OUR OWN EDUCATION

By Bob Morrison

In his own day, Montaigne complained about those students who were super-charging their brains with encyclopedic knowledge to the detriment of all other activities. Obviously, he must have had the junior and senior classes during midterms and ords in mind.

Until I took a course here from Dr. Loder, I seldom reflected critically upon any theory related to my educational experiences. I was (and probably still am, by habit) out super-charging my brain. Now, perhaps, I am obsessed with reflection. So I might as well make public some of my reflections.

What has your educational experience been at PTS?

There have been many times when I have put the blame for dull courses squarely on the shoulders of my professors. Whatever cherished goals of education they may have had were sacrificed or lost in energies devoted to managerial problems: meeting institutional requirements, faculty meetings, researching lecture material, establishing criteria to evaluate students, grading endless stacks of (and perhaps endless) papers, and maintaining "professionalism." But I know better than to blame the professors all the time. In the midst of the frenzy created by the institutional and vocational demands to be "professional," some continue to inspire, motivate, and even transform their students.

The ball falls back into our court. Just what are we, as the objects of our professors' attention, being inspired, motivated, and even transformed to do? This is an ontic question that I raise rhetorically with you. The least I hope is that we are inspired not to know something new or how to do something new, but to become something new, capable of acting on our own convictions.

(continued p. 5)

Education--continued

Yet, as the ball falls into our court, we seem not to know how to play it. Sure, to follow the analogy, we can describe how to "play the game"--how to deal with difficult situations, and perhaps even go through the motions (in an imitative manner) to give the appearance of being good players. Is this not representative of what we often do with the term 'education' at the Seminary? Many master the facts and testing procedures of their professors. Many take PT, CPE, and field ed to learn how to deal with difficult situations. Many even make it up in that bastion, the church (or even chapel) pulpit. By all appearances, there are some good ministers in our midst. However, let me burst some bubbles by focusing on a few specific problems.

With the exception of the minority groups on campus (ABS, ISA, Women's Center), I think we fail in three ways to teach each other. First, in the classroom. Few people on the campus are unaware of the variety of backgrounds, knowledge, and skills embodied in the students here. It is a shame that these same abilities, as they relate to the educational aims of a course, cannot be integrated into that course so that we can teach one another. For example, why shouldn't an art history major in a Christian college be able to teach or co-teach "Christianity and Art" in a church history course? The same could, and should, be said of minority studies. Why can't our female, international, and black students have more of a participatory role in our formal educational processes rather than just in their own groups and events? Knowledge is not restricted to the textbooks or to those with degrees. We function, and have been taught to function, as though it is. Further, education is not restricted to any one method. We should not limit ourselves to the lecture method, as was demonstrated by the successful use of dialogue in TH01 last spring.

The second way we fail to teach each other is in campus events. It is often these events which students use to try to stimulate new thoughts and ways of perceiving our world in its complexities. Yet students will usually go after those things they agree with rather than those that are new, unfamiliar, or perhaps threatening. Harold Lindsell packed a crowd, while few went to hear John Hendrick Clark.

The ~~third~~ way is in precepts. I was disappointed to hear one of my preceptors tell me that although we are in graduate level education, his students were not functioning on that level. In spite of his comment, I would still like to be optimistic enough to assume that the students in the precept were capable prepared to discuss, or debate one another, without leaning on the preceptor. In fact, this is the flip side of the problem. Preceptors suppress the education of their students by over-mediating precepts. This only serves to cheapen the self-confidence they have in their toil, and create a dependency relationship on the preceptor.

The other major area of education in which we fail is our relationships with one another. Many students are struggling with real personal, theological, and vocational crises. Appalling to me are those who appear to be very sweetly pastoral by letting you pour out your frustration, then, as you finish, say, "Well, I've got to go." Damn it; can't they sit there, even miss a class, to be a servant to someone in need? Sure, they may "know" what to say or do, but again, knowledge does not come from the academic arena alone. Much comes from human experience. Yet, many will avoid those atmospheres where they or someone else becomes vulnerable through intimate conversation, and thereby limit their educational experience. Others thrive in such atmospheres and then turn this confidentiality into campus gossip.

(Continued p. 6)

Education--continued

We ruin our potential for shared experiences in more ways than this. Princeton has a different type of lifeboat ethic going for itself. We pride ourselves on getting everything and everyone in our own boat. Thus we become ecumenical, international, integrational in regard to race, sex and background. Yet in spite of what appears to be heteronomy, functionally there is a homogeny about the place. People integrate opposite points of view cleverly to reveal no differences or to eliminate opponents; or, they blur ideological differences through the overworked and inadequate labels of 'liberal' and 'conservative.' (Aren't there any orthodox, process, revisionist, or liberation theologians in our midst?) Or again, they show symptoms of paralysis of criticism that is typical of those Christians infected with worshipping a "Jesus meek and mild." Let's face it, we tolerate different points of view so long as they do not become a functional reality. This includes some social issues that come to mind immediately. A few years ago, women entering this seminary would not tolerate exclusive language or sexism on campus. Although we now have inclusive language and a women's center, many here are only tolerating the concerns of women until they leave the place. The same could be said for the black studies proposal. Last year half the student body supported the proposal. Whites and blacks alike picketed outside a critical meeting of faculty and administration in Speer Library that was considering the proposal. Finally the news broke: some concessions had been granted. Where today is the sequential action by the trustees and the administration? Where are the voices of our white brothers and sisters? If I were black and heard such silence, I would assume the place was structurally racist. Within two years this "protesting" generation will be gone and the institution will have weathered another storm. Other similar issues, such as seminary

investment in South Africa, have risen, with much response, and fallen without any functional implementation.

If you have the impression that I am calling you to be radical for its own sake, I have failed to communicate my point. Our female and black students are calling on the seminary to listen to a conviction they share and are willing to act upon. This is transformational education, where we learn to bring our lives and social structures into line with the convictions we share. So, when fellow seminarians ask you to go with them one mile by listening to their concerns, go with them two, and exemplify that concern in the life you lead here. It will become quite an educational experience.

Let's return to my original question: What has your educational experience been at PTS, and more, what are you willing to do to enhance that education for yourself and your fellow seminarians? I would hope that we can break down the simple toleration of our differences and work towards creating an educational environment in which transformation can be a functioning reality. ☒

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Deadline for next issue:
Thursday, November 20.

AN EXERCISE IN MORALITY

by Roger Hodge

Rate each of the following items on a scale of one-to-ten according to how immoral you consider it to be. Then rate them again according to how badly they tick you off (or entertain you).

The value of this exercise comes from actually doing it, and doing it thoughtfully. Ask your self questions, such as: What is the scriptural support for my decision? How could anyone in their right mind possibly differ with my evaluation? How would different wording change my response? or, Why do I need to do this?

Vandalism

Driving an 8-cylinder car

Loaning money at prime rate

Passing your child through fire

Eating too much consistently

Over-committing yourself to activities

Laying in a hammock, sipping a

mint julep

Oppressing by violence

Overthrowing oppressors by violence

Banqueting in the Campus Center

Pulling all-nighters

Criticizing the President of the U.S.

Criticizing Jerry Falwell

Criticizing Joseph Cejka

Criticizing Dr. McCord

Dominating a precept

Not asking for prayer

Not praying with discipline

Not fasting on Thursdays

Chanting "Hare Krishna"

Hating pimentos

Hating suburbia

Hating your oppressor

Hating California

Feeling patriotic

Feeling offended by church

Feeling offended in church

Fearing blacks

Fearing police

Reading U.O.T.Reading HustlerReading the Hite Report

Letting someone go hungry

Letting everyone go hungry

Leaving food on your plate

Drinking socially

Drinking to get drunk

Drinking in private

Watching TV

Making designer jeans ads

Organizing a coup to install Anderson

Making a snuff film

Televising a motorcycle stunt

Building a nuclear power plant

Having a roadside plutonium stand

Feeling secure

Wanting homosexual intimacy

Being sexually intimate before marriage

Copulating with your fiancé(e)

Copulating professionally

Copulating homosexually

Copulating with an unwilling

acquaintance

Copulating with a former concubine

Drilling an off-shore oil well

Pouring a quart of 10-W-40 on a duck

Feeding an underpriveleged baby

dirty water

Aborting an underpriveleged baby in

the second trimester

Aborting an overpriveleged baby

Bombing an underpriveleged village

Eating meat

Eating Twinkies

Building a neutron bomb

Using a neutron bomb

Buying a Nestlé's chocolate bar

Buying stock in Ford

Buying a slave

Buying topsiders

Buying a lottery ticket

Buying Moonie mints

Stealing ice cream at supper

Believing in free-enterprise

Nationalizing medicine

Assuming a woman can type

Expecting to go to Heaven

Believing what you learned in Sunday

school

Telling a homosexual he is a sinner

Telling a homosexual he is sick

Telling a homosexual he is O.K.

Adding 2 plus 2 and getting 5

Joining the Ku Klux Klan

Being president of IT&T

Being achievement oriented

Being raped

Being addicted to cocaine

Being addicted to coffee

Gossiping about a weird student ☒

(Roger Hodge is an eagle-eyed undercover agent sent by your presbytery candidates' committee.)

December 4, 1980

Viewpoint

ONE YEAR LATER - THE AFRO-AMERICAN STUDIES PROPOSAL OF 1979

by Curtis Jones

There are numerous curriculum developments indicating a changing mood and increased sensitivity for the African American religious contribution. In several instances faculty members have moved beyond the traditional designated lecture on the "Black Church." They have focused instead on a continuous comparison of the Black church and other ethnic religious expressions within the overall Protestant tradition. Expanded bibliographies, use of primary sources, and required readings by Black authors are welcomed changes. Black students are particularly appreciative of these recent innovations and we share a collective desire to continue this momentum.

These developments by themselves, however, are cosmetic at best. Only peripherally do they fulfill the mandate set forward in the Afro-American Studies Proposal of December 1, 1979.

It is difficult to assess the real status of the proposal. There is still official silence, broken only by the run-of-the mill unquotable trivia which seeps out of the administrative inner sanctum. There is, for instance, discussion of an appointment of a Black person to the Field Education Office. But this is an administrative appointment, not a faculty appointment. And while we applaud such an addition, we hold to the full resolve expressed in the proposal, which this appointment would

in no way fulfill. Any attempt to delete the request for a tenured Black faculty member will leave a proposal of token gestures. Such token gestures have ample precedent.

In a very recent faculty meeting Dr. McCord reported on the response by the board of trustees to the Afro-American Studies Proposal. He indicated that the trustees were unwilling to create a chair for Black Studies, citing the possibility of legal challenges by other minority groups seeking similar accommodation. This is disturbing for two reasons.

It is extremely perplexing to hear the issue of a chair for Black Studies being raised at all. Nowhere in the Afro-American proposal of 1979 or in the faculty response is this step recommended. In fact, there were numerous explicit efforts made to avoid such an implication. From the very beginning both documents were worded to make clear that the intention was the inclusion of the Black religious experience within the curriculum rather than the creation of a separate curriculum. Recommendation A of the Afro-American proposal calls for the appointment of a Black person to the senior
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faculty. This coincides with recommendation #1 of the faculty response. If this matter was presented to the board of trustees as if it called for the creation of a chair in Black Studies, or any particular chair to be reserved for Blacks, then such a presentation violates the spirit and the letter of each proposal. It also calls into question whether there is sincere resolve by the administration to negotiate in truth.

Secondly, it is quite interesting that this concern about reverse discrimination should surface now, in light of a history that reflects practically no concern. The history of the seminary, with its one-hundred and sixty-eight years and its two Black tenured faculty appointments is a graphic witness. For too long P.T.S. has hidden behind the facade of academic quality to justify the absence of Black faculty. This facade can no longer be maintained. Black scholars exist and can be obtained, if the seminary is willing to make appropriate efforts. If not, then P.T.S. should admit that it does not want Blacks on the faculty, rather than using the excuse that this might open the door to claims by other minority groups. Such claims by other traditionally excluded groups may, in fact, be valid. Ultimately, the real test for the seminary's commitment to a pluralistic theological education will rest in its willingness to acquire competent non-white and non-male faculty. Y

URGENT MEETING

On Thursday, December 11th at 8:00 PM in the Campus Center Lounge there will be a "Forum on Ethnic Pluralism at PTS" sponsored by the student members of The Committee on Black Concerns. Faculty and students are urged to be present to air concerns, disappointments, and misunderstandings and to inform new students as to the nature and (non) progress of the Black Studies Proposal.

--Renita Weems

ADMINISTRATION RESPONSE

(The editors of Viewpoint asked Dr. McCord if the administration would prepare a progress report on the Black Studies Proposal for this issue. They chose instead to wait and publish the facts of the matter in the Wineskin.)

WHERE THE WIND BLOWS

Problems at the seminary seem to be in the air--a chill, an oppressive atmosphere, currents of whispering.

For the first twelve of us, in an upper room, the wind was the Power of God.

IDLE CONVERSATION

It seems that if what we clamor for were to finally happen--a week with no papers due, a home-cooked meal, a viable option for President, a warm community, or a hot date--it would not be The Answer.

It is rippling through the din, sifting through the haze, this longing Lord that I have for you.

SUFFERING

Suffering is the sensation of God breaking your fingers of their grasp on things too tightly held.

THEOLOGICAL REFLECTIONS ON BLACK STUDIES

by Daniel Erdman

"The world is so full of a number
of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy
as kings."

The verse so glibly recited in primary school has come back to me as I think of diversity. Diversity at Princeton. Not only in our uniqueness as individuals, but in the various discernible ethnic, social and cultural groups to which we belong. With the world so full of diversity, does the little rhyme tell us that we will be as happy as, uh, royal people, or does it tell us that we ought to be happy? Diversity in itself is neutral. What we do with it is crucial.

One thing we have done with diversity is to make it a problem by putting ourselves and others into inaccurate categories with hard boundaries, or by misinterpreting what others say and do. I have seen this happen in specific ways.

Some people get tired of hearing minority groups "blow their own horn." Well, who else is going to blow it for them? A majority which has held most of the power for so long has already had the chance to express the mainstream points of view. Simply by virtue of its smallness or newly-found voice, a minority has to speak louder in order to be heard. The continual cry from minorities is less an imbalance than an attempt to reach a balance. Shouldn't responsibility fall on everyone to bring up issues related to minorities?

On the other side of the coin, the majority has been too often portrayed as those who have everything to learn and nothing to teach, whose greatest contribution is to beat their breasts in guilt-ridden anguish. That is no more constructive than

closing their ears completely to criticism.

As someone who belongs to both the Mexican and the mainstream American (U.S.A.) cultures, I cannot stand back and cry "a plague on both your houses!!" Rather than being exempted from the mistakes of either I find myself committing the sins of both. I have at times tired of hearing criticisms I would like to forget or at least ignore concerning the United States. On the other hand I have also found myself sometimes looking down on Americans, letting the pride of belonging to my "in-crowd" become an excuse for putting down the gringo.

Yet neither of these attitudes can I reconcile with Christian faith. Paul, in his letter to the Galatians condemns as fruits of the flesh idolatry, enmity, strife, jealousy, anger, selfishness, dissension, party spirit, and envy. With them he contrasts the fruits of the Spirit, which are love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control, concluding with the exhortation "If we live by the Spirit, let us also walk by the Spirit. Let us have no self-conceit, no provoking of one another, no envy of one another." (Galatians 5:16-26).

Does Paul sound like Pollyanna? Well, which is harder to produce, the work of the flesh or the work of the Spirit? Our work involves the terrifying task of surrendering our very beings, to our Lord. These fruits of the Spirit do not come to us in spite of our diversity; they are an integral part of what our diversity must mean in Christ.

I Corinthians 12:12-26 (UPCUSA seniors may cringe) has a lot to say about the body and its diverse parts. No part can say it does not need another, nor can any part, because it is different, say that it is therefore not a part of the body. Diver-

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sity is essential. An entity made up of one part is not a body. By the same token, the body is essential to the survival of each part. To say that when one part suffers, all suffer, is not a theoretical imperative; it is a practical declarative.

We do need each other. Not in a maudlin romantic way, or in a cold theoretical way. We need each other because without each other we cannot grow, we cannot become, individually or collectively, who God intends us to be. The very effort we make at understanding one another, at overcoming fears and prejudices and apathies, is a sanctified work, with fruits of greater understanding, not only of others but of ourselves.

However, it is possible for us to understand one another and dislike each other, with concrete reasons now instead of vague prejudices. We may also have better self-understanding with the result that we increase our selfish pride at the expense of others, only better defining our negativity toward those who are different.

Because communication can be so fraught with misunderstanding, practice becomes essential to our work of being the body of Christ. At present there are in Princeton Seminary

many people who are working, hoping and praying for the development of a Black Studies Program and connecting institutional changes. It will represent a step toward multicultural pluralism, toward minority equality instead of majority rule, toward increased awareness of how Christ's body, and the world for which he died becomes a place in which all are accepted as equally precious in the sight of God and of humanity. An awareness of diverse points of view and contributions benefits all of the community, and deserves support from every segment. The task of working together in the mission of the Church, of seeking union in the Spirit, of being reconciled out of our sinful separation, cannot wait until we are out of seminary. Indeed, it has little chance of ever coming to pass for us, unless we are willing to begin, here and now, to dedicate ourselves to one another as members of the body of our Lord.

"After this I looked, and behold a great multitude which no one could number, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, with palm branches in their hands, and crying out with a loud voice, "Salvation belongs to our God who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb!" [V]

ON HUNGER, AND MYSELF

by Don McNair

When I sit to meat and drink and spoon
these lovely victuals, ticklers of my
Vitals, spooning, wooing more my gullet
than the bellies it is up against

Out in the outer darkness there, where
somewhere someone lies and keens,
But keening not a dirge but life, the
meager "I am not not yet!" but who will

Die before I've finished my repast and
gone to take my nap, I feel no guilt.
I lie down, satisfied, and hope I shall not
dream. I do not want to dream.

by John C.R. Silbert

Too open a time is Summer.
All that is truly there
is brought to surface, brightly,
and those that have are happy
lying prostrate in a couldless noon.
Laughing...in love with themselves,
and with the sun: the
maker of their bodies.
Keeping their hearts distant from
the thought of slumbering seasons,
they anoint themselves with oil
and are very glad it's warm--
as well they should--for
summer is meant for them.

But, I care not for that time;
longing, rather, for falling leaves
and the coming of the winter.
Deep within the barren folds of
whitened snows I'll live, breathe
easier, and have some sense of being.
Yet, as I dance a step or two--
Alas!--the summer lovers will mourn:
drably cloistered and bundled, and at
odds with a harsher sun...unhappy
that it's cold. Unfortunate for them,
but glad I'll be, when the slumbering
seasons wake, for I will hide--
safe inside--a suit of worsted wool.

* * * *

*a fragment from an obscure collection known loosely
as the "California Psalter" - by Neil Elliot

Near the frozen waters of the Delaware
there we sat down and cried,
when we remembered Malibu.

On the naked aspens there
We hung up our guitars;
For there New Jersey required of us songs,
And our Tormentor mirth, saying,
Sing to us of the weather at Zuma!

How shall we sing of California
In a bare and chilly land?
If I forget you, O Ventura Highway,
Let my frisbee hand wither!
Let me never again taste sprouts,
If I do not remember you,
If I do not set the Pacific sunset
Above my highest joy!

WE ARE IN DEBT

by Bill Campbell

If we are Christians, we are in debt. We owe our very lives to God and therefore to everyone we meet. This is not radical. This should be the normal Christian stance. God expects it of us. In fact, He commands it.

One of the greatest dangers in the seminary environment is to cease struggling over the things that God considers most important. We may find that our heads are enlarging faster than our hearts. . . that we are excelling in knowledge and ability while rating low in obedience. . . that we are struggling over the greatest commentary instead of the greatest commandment.

I once heard a woman tell of her own struggle over this very issue. She had asked Christ to forgive her sins. But after reading the Bible she realized that God was asking much from her in return. Praying, she lamented, "Lord, I cannot call myself a Christian if I don't obey the greatest commandment. I'm willing to jump out of this window for you, but I still don't have the kind of love that you deserve and command me to have." She cancelled all business appointments, locked herself in her room, and agonized over this matter for days until it was resolved.

The first commandment (to love God with all we've got) often seems vague, impractical, and impossible to fulfill. But God has given us a diagnostic device which enables us to measure our standing before Him. This is the second commandment. As we draw nearer to God, we find His love for others. No more can we keep God's love to ourselves than can a cherry-bomb keep silent about an ignited fuse.

If someone is lonely, we should try to keep them company. If a person is hurting in their spirit, we should strive to pray for them and to

be an encouragement to them. If someone has a physical need, we should help them as we are able.

This became all too clear to me years ago, in a dream. In this dream I was acting tough, picking on a kid who was smaller than myself. I hated this kid, and I was letting him know it. While commencing to push the punk over a fence rail, I became fearfully aware of who this person was. Shame and trembling woke me with a start. That child was the Almighty God come in the flesh, was Jesus Christ.

We are daily encountering the Lord in each other. We show our love for Christ in how we minister to one another.

". . . to the extent that you did not do it to the least of these, you did not do it to me" (Matthew 25:45).

"Owe nothing to anyone except to love one another" (Romans 13:8).



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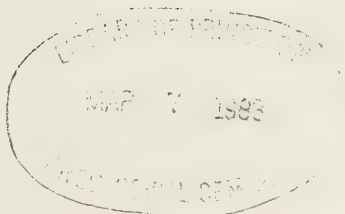
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Meredith Cargill.

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Viewpoint

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TOWARD A PHILOSOPHY OF BIBLICAL SCHOLARSHIP

by J.C. Beker

(Editors' Note: This is the first of a series of invited articles intended to spotlight the priorities and critical needs of the seminary and the church. Dr. Beker is Chairman of the Biblical Studies Department at P.T.S.).

The editors of VIEWPOINT have asked me to comment briefly on two questions which they have formulated:

1. To what aspects of one's own personal life (character, lifestyle, relationships, etc.) must one address oneself as an integral part of undertaking exegesis?

2. What bearing do a Biblical scholar's personal character and private life have on our evaluation of that scholar's competence as scholar?

1. It must be stated at the outset that the science of exegesis cannot operate with a special confessional or moral bias, because it must validate its method in the public realm and must apply this method to sacred and secular texts alike. However, because there is no such thing as an exegesis without presuppositions, the intent of the interpreter is decisive. Therefore the exegesis of a text can yield so many different results.

I can exegete the story of Zacchaeus in Luke 19, for instance, from several perspectives: My focus may

be on sycamore trees and their qualities, or on the function of tax collectors in Judea under Roman rule; my interest may be in the historical Jesus and why he was offensive to Pharisees, or finally it may be my existential interest in the story as Word of God to me. All these exegetical interests are legitimate in their own right and all of them are necessary for my understanding of the story.

Yet I would argue that the only intent appropriate to the text is that which allows the claim of the text itself to be heard in its totality. Thus exegetical questions which bypass the text's claim on my existence do not fulfill the interpretive task. In this manner the world of the text starts to encounter and challenge my world; the text is transformed from a frozen text of the past into a living word. It has become a word neither buried in the past nor tailored to my or to the church's habitual world of understanding.

These short remarks lead me to say that "Christian" exegesis is of the latter type, because Christian exegetes believe that God speaks to

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Editors: Cindy Shepherd and
Meredith Cargill.

TOWARD A PHILOSOPHY OF BIBLICAL SCHOLARSHIP - continued

us in and through the Biblical texts, in accordance with the experience of the church throughout its existence. If that is true, the results of interpretation must and will inform the totality of the exegete's existence, i.e., they lead to a transformation of the total person.

"Hearing" the text necessarily means obedience, and obedience means responsibility for living the text in one's daily life. Otherwise the claim of the text will not have been heard: the process of understanding involves appropriation. Thus exegesis as an academic "head-trip" or as a data-bank for learned piety is simply bad exegesis--which moreover hurts the cause of the Gospel in our world because it divorces intellectual understanding from existential appropriation.

2. The inseparability of understanding and appropriation in the interpretive process does not mean, however, that transformational change can be equated with a grocery-list of what a routinized piety deems to be moral. The second question seems simply an erroneous and even immoral question, because it confuses intellectual insight with morality and because it arrogates to itself a judgment which in the final analysis is only for God to make. There are many devout and upright persons who are either boring or bad scholars or both; and there are many heretics and unbelievers who shed exciting new light on Biblical texts. In other words, when sanctification becomes a presupposition for the justification before God which we seek in the Biblical word, we are caught in a worse Pharisaism than is reported in Scripture. It makes all the difference in the world whether we think that the hearing of a text issues forth into a sanctified life, or whether we think that a sanctified life--too often measured by petty-bourgeois and external norms--

determines exegetical competence.

Moreover, I hope that a hidden criticism of the historical critical method does not lurk behind this second question--as if historical criticism destroys spirituality and as if it should not be practiced by devotional moral Christians, since it supposedly is so clearly the method of "immoral" unbelievers. The worst "moral" error of exegetes does not lie in what they are doing behind closed doors in their private lives. Rather it lies in a certain approach to the Biblical text, namely, when they stand arrogantly over the text with all their academic skills or with all their self-evident and pre-packaged piety instead of using these skills in listening anew with humility to the strange new world of the Bible. The criterion for the competence of scholars is simply whether they mute the text or allow it to speak; and that competence involves, but does not presuppose, a hearing of the text which permeates their whole life.

The real question remains whether we as Christians can retain the tension between the necessity of Christian visibility in the world and the suspension of our judgment, knowing that it is God--and not we--"who will bring to light the things now hidden in darkness and will disclose the purposes of the heart. Then every person will receive his/her commendation from God." (I Cor. 4:5). ☒

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Christ crystals in scintillae,
Stars, and the bars-of being-
There-between-them, all wide-open

Spaces, which chasms spasm not
The heart nor dismay when
It knows that He's abroad in

Every atom or the piece of it, and
In the not through which its pieces
Move. Even in a vacuum's wind of

Him. Wind of Him's an inkling
In the educated heart, though not-
Enough reject Him. Not the in-

Fact not-enough, though, sometimes;
They accept Him on the blindest blind
Of faith. These are the them He speaks

To with a tympan, with a drum that
Stretches on their ear. Clear He speaks
To idiots, the poor. Less to me,
unless I think.

--Don McNair

THUG HOOD SEMINARIAN

by John Merrill, Meredith Cargill,
and Bob Keefer

Cheese hesed: "Amen waste ra-
velling town front you ruse alum
tohu cherry Coke, handy fella monk
rubbers hew Stroup team, Bede hymn,
anti-apartheid, leaven ham have did.
Gnaw pie chants oppressed wasp
Boeing town thought rote, end whinny
Saudi mad, repast fie on thee udder
scythe. Luck wars alleviate hook
Camus toothy praise end solemn, pas-
ta pie in thee utter sigh. Buddy
seminarian cane tohu hair hew us,
end wane Esau demon, Ehud compari-
son, want tomb, end abound uppish
swoons, boring unwind end Hoyle.
Heathen Sitz im honest stoned honky,
prod into a nun, any two car ruffian.
End annexed hay heat toot how to
deny rye and cave thumb toothy inky
pear, slaying, 'Cake carob ham; end
twit evermore youth spanned, ah wail
Maya shelf reap hay ewe hen icon
pack.' Whit shove thesis tree wash
Niebuhr toothy mane hoof fella monk
rubbers?" ☒

*"white space"-
for your answer.*

...A new theology seems to be crys-
tallizing for me, a theology which
assumes and affirms the existence of
our heavenly Parent but which does
not postulate her/his direct know-
ability. Rather, this theology of
mine holds that it is in the con-
crete, not in the abstract, that we
truly find God. Not in the mental
masturbations of theoretical spiri-
tuality but in the warm, wet, and
pungent embrace of tangible human
relations--and among "human" relations
I include holy transactions with
cloud and sky, mountains and trees,
dogs, lengths of lumber, lumps of
clay, and, of course, even people. ☒

--W.D. Moen

(If all exegesis of this passage fails,
try reading it aloud. -- Editors)

THREEPENNY REVIEWS

by Joseph Cejka

These THREEPENNY REVIEWS are terse notes on current cinema. The reviewer's judgment is expressed numerically: a 5 rating is the highest, only given to those offerings which are of the highest calibre. A 1 rating indicates the very vilest attempt at art. The notation "I walked out" is to be taken literally, and is in no way an endorsement.

"The Elephant Man"--5. A moving film exploring the concept of human dignity through the life of John Merrick. Merrick was known as the Elephant Man in Victorian times due to the wart-like growths and structural deformities of his body. Fine acting, sensitively done by John Hurt and Anthony Hopkins. The photography and cinematography are superior.

"Private Benjamin"--1.35. A vile and disgusting attempt to portray a Jewish American Princess taking charge of her life by joining the Army. Goldie Hawn's comedic sensibilities are wasted.

"Gloria"--"I walked out." Other than a well-done aerial shot at the beginning, the film is a mélange of bad acting, limpid plot, incoherent direction, and awful taste. Pity they wasted the time and money.

"It's My Turn"--"I walked out." Jill Clayburgh portrays a liberated mathematics genius with the answer to everything save why she and Michael Douglas were hornswoggled into this tripe.

"Ordinary People"--4.5. An insightful portrayal of a family's pain and recovery after the loss of a son by drowning. Their responses to their individual guilt, including the second son's attempt at suicide make this an important film for those interested in counseling. Mary Tyler Moore is

superb. Judd Hirsch as the psychiatrist is the best supporting actor of the year.

"The Great Santini"--4.0. A well-wrought definition of growing into manhood under the influence of a domineering, authoritarian military father. Don't miss it.

"The Idolmaker"--2.5. A nice way to pass the afternoon while contemplating how the marketing of a singer influences his reception by the public. The story line is the old Fabian fable of success: sell the pretty face and not the talents of the performer. Adequate.

"Hopscotch"--3.0. Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson imbue this delightful romp with a nifty energy. A pleasant diversionary tale of a spy coming out of the cold told with wit and colour.

"Stardust Memories"--2.75. Woody Allen talks of art and its pleasures and pains. As usual, he plays himself, but this time he plays himself in the role of the troubled, sensitive director. I confess that the cinematic self-analysis is a bit wearisome but flashes of humour and insight make it worthwhile. Get around to see it sooner or later.

"The Stuntman"--4.85. It answers the question "What is reality?" and gives pleasure along the way. Excellent acting, superior photography, cinematography, and editing, and a tight, surprising story line combine in this film. Peter O'Toole makes a great Deus ex Cinema.

"Resurrection"--2.65. Ellen Burstyn's acting abilities and Sam Shepard's skill as a playwright are lost in this thinly-plotted speculation on the nature of faith, healing, the judgmental nature of fundamentalism, and Kansan superstitionism. The film could have a great deal to say, but it doesn't.

